The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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CONTENTS

WEEKLY COMMENTS		701
FRONTIER FRUSTRATION (*An Editorial*)		705
THE CRIME OF ANTI-SEMITISM	*Nicholas A. Berdyaev*	706
POLAND AND THE AXIS	*Roger de Craon-Poussy*	709
AVE MARIA (*Verse*)	*Francis B. Thornton*	711
SINGING BOY	*Elizabeth Nash*	712
FLEMISH ART IN AMERICA	*James W. Lane*	716
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	718
COMMUNICATIONS		718
POINTS AND LINES		720
War or Peace for the U. S.		
Farms this Spring		
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	722
BOOKS OF THE DAY		723
THE INNER FORUM		228

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The Holy Father Speaks

The Anatomy of Peace

"THE POPE of Peace." This designation for Pius XII was coined by the popular imagination almost at the moment his election was announced. His first Easter message, eagerly awaited by a world which has in these last troubled years been rediscovering something of the meaning of the Fisherman's See, bears out this title. The Pontiff's address was a noble and fruitful anatomization of peace: so full and considered indeed, not only in its spirit of charity but in the order and stress of its ideas, that it might be made a textbook for study by all to whom "peace" is anything but a name. In this group we mean specifically to include non-Catholics of good will; we just as specifically do not mean to exclude Catholics. Let those of the Household of the Faith who suppose that peace is to be had by merely wishing, or by lip service to some unbodied and painless ideal, consider the force and resoluteness of the Holy Father's thoughts on the subject. Beginning, as he ends, with solemn words of thanksgiving and adoration for Him "Who is our Peace," Christ the Lord, Who has made all good possible to us, and Who "pacified heaven and earth with blood of His Cross," the Pope then goes on to consider how we may avail ourselves of this peace. He passes at once to the two menaces, of national antagonism and social injustice: "How may full and true peace be had while sons of the same land . . . are so profoundly divided by a burning and implacable struggle between parties and interests? How may peace be had while so many thousands of men lack work—honest work? . . . Enormous masses are being formed which impoverishment and misery . . . in strident contrast with the luxury and excessive comforts of those privileged ones who do not feel the duty of helping suffering—render easy prey to deceptive mirages. . . . Justice requires . . . that those goods and riches which God has strewn in the world for the advantage of His sons be conveniently distributed."

Equally forthright is the Holy Father's reference—made, it will be recalled, directly after the Fascist state had raided Albania—to the ideal of international honor: "How may peace be had if . . . pacts solemnly sanctioned and the plighted word have lost that security and value which are the indispensable bases of reciprocal confidence . . .?" words which not only embody a venerable truth, but almost set a new standard of political and personal courage. Finally, let us turn our attention to the means proposed for healing these dreadful ills of society. Christians will follow the mind of the Pontiff when he recommends that first of all we approach Christ and His "inexhaustible font of pardon and of peace," for they know that Christ is the Life of the world. But all men of right intention will understand in some measure the Pope's statement that "it is necessary above all to think of peace of conscience"—to reform the inner man before reforming outer conditions. All such will agree that, "just as there can be no peace without order, so there can be no order without justice." All will see that "legitimately constituted authority" must be respected; that laws must be "made for the common good"; that the "sacred rights of human liberty and dignity" must be guarded; that violence cannot be substituted for justice; that there must be a return among nations of "friendly, mutual understanding, where the just interests of all shall be weighed with equal and kindly appreciation," and "where sacrifices for the higher good of the human family are not shirked." If the world will hear this voice, seriously, studiously and humbly, if it will heed these unchanging and unchangeable truths, spoken with an authority that has never faltered, it is even now not too late to avert catastrophe.

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The Status in Europe

SINCE the broadcast of the Holy Father's eloquent plea the powers have continued with apparent unconcern to keep the kettle boiling. Italy's cold-blooded conquest of tiny Albania, feared as a démarche toward Greece, Yugoslavia and the Dardanelles, brought about the massing of an imposing British-French fleet in the Mediterranean. The fact that Italy's major objectives—unlike many of Herr Hitler's—would directly encroach upon French and British interests is a partial explanation why Mussolini has so little to show for his aggression partnership with Hitler. And his chances of undermining France in North Africa are on the wane because of his attack on the Moslems of Albania. Since Easter the Nazi, and dangerous, partner in the axis has been quiescent except vocally, but fear of Germany has led to extensive defense measures in Poland, the Netherlands and elsewhere. Living in a state of constant tension, with armaments speeded up and partial mobilization common, the already impoverished peoples of Europe find their plight an increasingly desperate one. At this point a British-French guarantee of the independence of Greece and Rumania, similar to the guarantee of Polish independence, is announced. This may provoke the axis powers to further adventures or provide a real breathing-spell. On the grounds of Italy's promise to remove her troops from Spain by May 2, Chamberlain declared last year's Italo-British pact still in force, despite Mussolini's deplorable failure to keep the promises made therein. A new type of agreement is needed for any assurance of lasting peace. Active economic collaboration, once under way, is less easily interrupted than a mere political arrangement. Justice demands international economic cooperation for the benefit of the impoverished people of Europe. Otherwise brute force will call the play.

Heightening the Tension

The Policy of the United States

WHILE all this turmoil is in process overseas, the United States is looking to its own defenses and otherwise is far from idle. From the White House come indirect but deplorably sensational reports that the President believes that this country cannot be kept out of another general war and that we would join up again against Germany and her satellites. Meanwhile various methods of insuring our neutrality are being considered by the Senate. And the public is beginning to be aware that much of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo armaments that are intimidating so many peoples are manufactured from American scrap iron—not to mention the blueprints for bombers and essential airplane parts. The latest proposal is to offer to the anti-axis countries of Britain, Belgium and the Netherlands sizable amounts of the troublesome surplus cotton and wheat in direct exchange for large stores of the rubber and tin that the United States does not produce. Barter itself, strange as it may seem to an American business man today, may be a very good thing, but this particular deal tends to throw this country more and more into the hands of the British-French entente. And if the "cash and carry" neutrality plan wins out, we shall be drawn with little delay into the threatening European war—a war in which right and justice and good will will not be wholly on one side and which would be so evil in itself as to beggar description. American threats may temporarily forestall certain aggressive moves, but they also tend to keep the chancelleries stirred up, and prevent readjustments by the well-sated empires. Coupled with all our financial, economic, munitions and other material commitments with France and Britain, they do make American participation in any big war that should break out overseas inevitable.

Arms, Barter and Threats

Reaction Threatens Labor Relations

HEARINGS on the National Labor Relations Act opened on April eleventh, and we sincerely hope they will not (together with the whole wave of reaction directed from all over the country against the Act) result in its emasculation. The Wagner Act has been called one-sided because it gives labor protections not accorded capital. As Senator Wagner—and Pope Pius XI too, for that matter—point out, such one-sidedness does not necessarily offend justice. The Workmen's Compensation Act is also one-sided, but it is not thereby unjust. Undoubtedly the law and its administration could, ideally, be bettered. But it has already brought a diminution of disputes and a fairer balance of economic power. Change must come most deliberately if it is to be beneficial, and it should not come on the basis of reaction. "Give them an inch and they'll take a mile." Such a spirit, it certainly appears, animates a large portion of the opposition to the Wagner Act. All indications are that collective bargaining is the fundamental object under attack. Collective bargaining is the inch labor is gradually covering. Our fear of change in the Wagner Act is that agreement on even what would most likely be an improvement would lead to a debacle, wiping out the whole advantage of it. In the search for industrial appeasement in this country, "industry" and not "labor" is the side that still should do most of the appeasing. If the CIO and the AFL could finally come together, on the Wagner Act as well as on their other differences, there would be less danger in tampering with the National Labor Relations system. If anti-exploitation forces could rally and grow confident, if the general fear, which the President is not the last man

Give Them An Inch . . .

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to stir up, could be somewhat overcome, then there would be a safe freedom for developing—not ruining—the Wagner Act.

Boss Pendergast Indicted

Death of Another Machine

BOSS PENDERGAST, for thirty years master of the Missouri political machine, has been indicted. A Federal Grand Jury has charged him with criminal failure to report $55,000 of his 1935 income and $260,000 of 1936 income, although he is presumed to be innocent, of course, until proven guilty. If convicted he can be heavily fined and sent to prison for ten years. The alleged unreported income is said to have represented Pendergast's share in a total slush fund of $460,000 provided by 137 fire insurance companies interested to effect a compromise of litigation in which they had a stake of $10,000,000. It is alleged that the "Boss" fixed the compromise, being aided in this respect by his hand-picked State Superintendent of Insurance O'Malley, who has likewise been indicted. In St. Louis, according to the *Post-Dispatch,* news of these "sensational" indictments proved a "bombshell." For a generation nothing so amazing had happened in Missouri. Indictments of this kind surprise the public because the public is conditioned to believe them impossible. This belief in the immunity of powerful politicians to criminal prosecution reflects the public thought that such persons so dominate officials charged with law enforcement as to disable them from the full conscientious discharge of their obligations where the political bosses themselves would be affected. The public also tends to believe in the boss's immunity because it knows that the business classes who supply grand jurors are themselves contaminated by such of their members as have secretly benefited from the criminal and immoral manipulations of the big boss.

A corrupt political boss or a corrupt holder of important public office is more dangerous to the community than a murderer, robber, burglar, rapist or "firebug." These ordinary criminals are indeed more picturesque. Their misconduct staggers or revolts the imagination of man. But the corrupt boss or the corrupt office-holder represents a destructive attack on the root principles which keep society together; principles which get their objective embodiment in a system of law which is intended to deal impartially with all human relations. Street fighting and civil war are the last deductions from corruption existing at the central places in public offices and political organizations. When law and justice are limited in their operations to those persons who are outside the sphere of the boss's influence, experience proves that men will jockey about for place within that sphere. A coarse acquiescence in such a condition supervenes on the part of the general masses of the people who almost always want things to be otherwise established. The indictment of Boss Pendergast is a further evidence of the enormous utility attaching to investigations of income tax evasions. For reasons altogether apart from revenue considerations this modern broom may very well prove the chief means for cleaning out the Augean stables of political and official filth. Debits and credits in modern society cannot be put in tin boxes. Bribe giving and taking now get into somebody's ledgers, journals and cash books. With power to examine books of account the taxing authorities can do work of great good in bringing important criminals to book.

Cleaning Up New York

Portents of a Miracle

IT WOULD be a strange thing if one by-result of the New York Fair were to make the city clean. New York has many lovers who celebrate her in song and story for many causes: but thus far none has celebrated her because she is hygienic. If she is adored—as who can deny?—it is not because her fairy towers rise from streets swept clean of trash; nor because her ash and garbage cans have covers, each of which is put to its appointed use; nor because her subway stations have the scrubbed radiance of a dairy lunch; nor because her park-going populace obey the mandates to "Curb Your Dog" and "Deposit Litter Here." Of course, there is an effort, official and continuous, to keep the city clean, but it seems a thin little stream against the massed detritus of eight millions of determinedly and incurably mussy human beings. Some effort more on the lines of Hercules's stable-boy technique is probably needed; and, not uncharacteristically, Mr. La Guardia is making it. We do not mean that he is actually planning to deflect the course of the Hudson though Manhattan's main thoroughfares. But he may be said to have launched upon the civic equivalent of such an action. Designating April as "Dress Up and Paint Up Month," in anticipation of the Fair opening, he has mapped out a heroically detailed campaign, and evidently cooperation is coming in thick and fast. The WPA is removing debris from vacant lots (whither, we do not stay to inquire). Six hundred miles of waterfront are being scrubbed up by the Dock Department. Six thousand additional litter cans are being put on six thousand street corners. Outdoor peddlers are to clean and—"if possible" —paint their carts. Fairy attendants, down to the very bootblacks, are going into uniform. Finally, ascending to a real climax, which indeed seems little short of a miracle—subway stairs, we are assured, are to be cleaned; and householders are to be trained (how? the magic words, "educational campaign," are used here) not to sweep

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refuse into the streets. The question is, when this millennium dawns, will seasoned New Yorkers be able to stand it?

The Cooperatives Go Ahead

THE HARVARD Business School recently completed a special study of the efficiency of cooperative food stores and general stores, comparing them with similar private business. During 1937, total expense before interest was 16.6 percent of the selling price for cooperatives; 16.4 percent for independent stores; and 16.2 percent for chains. Already the cooperative margin of efficiency closely rivals the independent and chain, and the report says that the fact it is not now lower "does not mean that retail food cooperatives cannot give better values than privately owned businesses; but it indicates that such values, if given, probably must reflect: (a) advantages secured in wholesaling or manufacture, probably through private branding coupled with scrupulous regard in product specifications, in labelling and in pricing for the interest of consumers; and (b) a distribution of retail profits." In the other field, "the total expense (before interest) for co-op general stores was 11.6 percent as compared with 15.6 percent for privately owned general stores surveyed by Dun and Bradstreet in 1936, showing an operating advantage of 4 percent greater efficiency for the cooperatives." And the magnitude of cooperative business continues to increase: "In 1927, 398,000 farmers bought $128,000,000 worth of farm supplies through their own cooperatives. The growth during the following ten years was tremendous. The membership of cooperative purchasing associations jumped from 398,000 to an estimated 900,000 and the volume of their business increased from $128,000,000 to $350,000,000." Farm co-ops are usually thought of as marketing cooperatives. These figures show this is no longer so overwhelmingly true. And the marketing cooperatives themselves did an "incidental" purchasing business during the 1937-38 farm business year of $440,000,000. Here in the United States, also, cooperative energy has not been a flash in the pan.

Size and Efficiency

Relief Whittled Down

THE SENATE has voted $100,000,000 more to carry on relief until July, cutting the requested figure by one-third. During the first week of April, the WPA discharged 200,000 workers; now it will quickly have to turn out between 300,000 and 400,000 more. Have the unemployed been so weakened in social and political standing and in morale that such treatment is no longer politically dangerous? If that is true, it is the worst indictment that could be leveled against the much defamed WPA. This bit of relief economizing was swamped from the papers by war agitation, and this is one of the principal evils of all this imperialistic furor. It is all of a piece. When the House made its cut, it voted for a thorough investigation of federal relief. This investigation can do much good, and it can do untold harm. The enemies of exploitation must capture the publicity surrounding the investigation, approaching it from the viewpoint of the unemployed family. They will have to push aside from the spotlight the political haymakers and corporation accountants who will try to make it serve exclusively their ends of suicidally conceived "economy." The whole conception and organization of work relief is in danger. It is a more threatening and immediate danger than the foreign armies our papers and statesmen keep marching nightly through our dreams.

500,000 Discharged

Frontier Frustration

A COUPLE of weeks ago *Life* published a big spread on Texas: "Texas is Big," "Texas is Rich," "Texans are Lusty," "Texas has a Heroic Past," "Texas is an Empire," "Texas is Booming!" "For the past two or three years, Texas has been whooping along almost in the mood of the 1920's, behaving as if the depression of the 1930's had been only a little valley in its economic cycle." This tendency is confirmed by cooler statistics published everywhere. Texas has been a help to the country during its trials, despite its local depressed sections like the pecan pickers, farm laborers and dock workers. Texas still acts like a frontier—with new industry and a growing population. It is raising more food of all kinds. The *National Geographic* several issues ago printed astonishing photographs and statistics about the southern tip, the delta area of the Rio Grande behind Brownsville, where vast gardens are growing out of subtropical scrub.

Texas is certainly big—265,941 square miles—bigger (if we may hold our breath) than the Third Reich (area, 259,962 square miles; population, 88,150,893); and its population, 6,172,000, while fifth of the states, is scattered in still frontier fashion. Alaska is bigger. Its area is 375,296,000 acres or 586,400 square miles. Population 1930, 59,278. There in America's north is a frontier as genuine as ever Professor Turner dreamed of. Alaska imported from the United States in 1933, $20,685,622; 1934, $29,998,840; 1935, $32,007,856; 1936, $39,060,577; 1937, $42,860,774. Alaskan exports to the United States (1933), $33,151,461; (1934) $45,058,950; (1935) $36,868,697; (1936) $60,807,603; (1937) $62,363,327. And this does not count the gold and silver sent to the United States, $9,899,153 in 1933 up to $18,212,830 in 1937.

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In her modest way, Alaska has helped the country along during this period of economic paralysis.

But, even though it is indisputable that the relatively pioneer regions of the country and its territories have not sunk in the depression the way the country as a whole has, it is still true that the frontier epitomizes the general frustration of the complete economy.

The physical agricultural frontier of America did not close in 1890, "the cabalistic year" of the Turner school of history. This very winter, we are allowing a million acres of frontier in Florida to burn right down to the sterile stone and coral base. In every state, without immodestly eyeing land classified by the Agricultural Department as submarginal, any automobilist can see unused land as tempting as many of the acres the pioneers contented themselves with during the nineteenth century westward sweep of empire. "Submarginal" is a split term, as institutional as it is physical. A submarginal farm presumably is one which cannot, without ruining the land, produce crops at a cost low enough to let the farmer live according to the American theoretic standard of living. Nature does not define all those terms, nor does civilization. And in America's Alaska (as well, of course, as in Canada) there is an almost virgin frontier empire.

Alaska is so little known that we are still allowed to differ almost absolutely about its resources, climate and liveability. Not, however, about the trade statistics quoted above, and they clearly indicate a land able to grow economically during this depression—no effete accomplishment. Further interesting testimony appears in the spring *Foreign Affairs*. The great explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who years ago depicted so excellently and temptingly "The Friendly Arctic" (It was two years before he knew the World War had started.—Adv.), contributes a current description of "The American Far North." Quotations from his article furnish authoritative descriptions of the potentialities of the still existing American frontier:

> The Arctic land is therefore not the waste area of our inherited beliefs. Nor is the Arctic sea barren. . . . The Arctic has violent gales only where there is high land facing open water, as in Greenland. Otherwise the Arctic Ocean, as Nansen has pointed out, is one of the last stormy regions of the world. Though it is windier over the land than over the sea, the winds on the average are no worse than in Illinois or Kansas. . . . By 1930 scientists were virtually unanimous in agreeing that Arctic flying conditions on the average are good. . . . As for Alaska's climate, certain facts may surprise most readers. For instance, Point Barrow, at the extreme northern tip, has a minimum winter temperature slightly above that of Montana or North Dakota, while in central Alaska the maximum heat in summer is almost equal to that of New York City. Alaska is prairie throughout its northern fifth and over considerable areas along its western side; the central portion is forested mainly with spruces, birches, alders and cottonwoods; while the southern fifth, the most mountainous part, has dense forests of giant trees comparable to those of Washington and British Columbia. . . . Perhaps the best way to visualize the lines along which Alaska may develop is to think of it as a greater Finland, with which it compares quite closely in many respects. As everyone knows, Finland is one of the most economically and socially advanced countries in the world. . . .

It appears difficult to argue that there is not a frontier, tolerably open and unpreempted, in Alaska. Just as there is surely much unexploited land in the forty-eight states. But people in this country, however oppressed in their jobs and however meager the prospects for public relief, do not look, as to a hope, for land where they may live off themselves. Doubtless they never did. Last century there was a market for the surplus production of pioneers among the soaring industrial population of the East and Europe. What commodities could the new pioneers produce for which our agriculturists and manufacturers here would exchange their costly goods? In this respect, how would an Alaskan community differ from, say, the community of General Motors? Right here in the heart of the country there are counties and industries with power to produce in a month additional things it would take decades to make on a frontier. Far from furnishing a radical solution to economic problems, the present frontier gives us a particularly sharp angle from which to observe the spectacle of want in the midst of plenty—the institutional and personal barriers blocking prosperity.

Even so, as the pictures of Texas and Alaska show, our frontier can still give us some assistance. Alaska as a possible homeland for some of the world's refugees was too quickly ridiculed. Matanuska, the resettlement project, has not been publicly studied and followed as it should be. Alaska still wastefully imports commodities, like food and wool and paper, it could better produce for itself. Its present inhabitants, as the balance of trade shows, hoard their credits (or drain them through corporate profits) in the States at the expense of the land of origin. In Charles A. Beard's article on "The Frontier in American History," one of the *New Republic* series on "Books That Changed Our Minds," he quoted as one of the twelve major elements of Frederick Jackson Turner, author of the most influential essay ever written on American history: "So long as free land exists, the opportunity for a competency exists, and economic power secures political power." Land in Alaska or the unworked areas of the various states can hardly be considered altogether free, but they do offer an area for relatively pioneer activity. The good it can do socially, politically and economically is not a value that can be scientifically determined in the past or present, but it is a potential which Americans should feel more obligated to examine.

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The Crime of Anti-Semitism

The greatest living Orthodox philosopher and thelogian condemns anti-Semitism as a crime and a menace.

By Nicholas A. Berdyaev

I.

"HOW WOULD you feel if all the people you met never mentioned your father or mother except with the greatest disdain, if their attitude toward your parents was pure scorn and sarcasm? But that is what happens with our Lord Jesus Christ. We forget, or else do not wish to know, that our God Who became Man was a Jew by birth; that His Mother was a Jewess, the flower of the Jewish race; that the Apostles were Jews as well as all the prophets; and that our holy liturgy is gleaned from Jewish books. How can we express, then, the monstrous insult and blasphemy it is to demean the Jewish race?" These words by that ardent Catholic Léon Bloy were addressed particularly to Christian anti-Semites, who may well ponder them.

The wave of anti-Semitism now sweeping across the world and threatening to engulf ever-new countries is overturning all the humanitarian theories of the nineteenth century. In Germany, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, anti-Semitism is triumphant, and we see it on the increase even in France, stronghold of humanist ideas, where anti-Semitism was routed by the Dreyfus affair. The appearance of a book like Céline's latest, a regular appeal for pogroms, is symptomatic. An increasing number of Frenchmen cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that Léon Blum is a Jew, even though he is one of the most honest, cultured and idealistic of French statesmen.

What a mysterious thing is the historical fate of Jewry! Its continued existence down through the centuries is rationally inexplicable. No other people of the world would have endured through such a history. Above all others the Jews are people of history: they introduced into human consciousness the very concept of the historical. And to this people history has been merciless. Theirs has been a long story of persecution and the denial of elemental human rights. And after this long history, demanding terrible intensity of effort for mere self-preservation, this people has still maintained its own, unique visage, a fact recognized all the world over, amidst all other peoples, and often cursed and hated. No other people in the world would have survived such long dispersion, without losing its identity and dissolving among other nations. But the inscrutable will of God is that this people should be preserved to the end of history.

It is permitted to each of us to have his sympathies and antipathies with regard to nations. Some people do not like Germans, or Poles, or Rumanians. There is nothing we can do in such a case; one cannot be constrained to love, and it is hard to suppress an instinctive dislike. But hatred for a whole people is a sin: it is equivalent to murder, and the hater must bear his own responsibility. As regards the Jews, the problem is specially complex. They cannot be considered simply a nationality: a whole series of the marks of a real nation are lacking in the Jews, while on the other hand they have qualities which other nations do not possess. The Jews are a people apart; theirs is a special, exclusively religious destiny. They are the chosen people of God, and this accounts for the tragedy in their historical lot. God's chosen people who gave birth to the Messiah and then rejected Him, cannot have a simple historical destiny like other peoples. This people is welded together in age-long unity, not by those qualities which usually consolidate and unite a people, but by its religious destiny alone. Their very creed compels Christians to recognize the divine election of the Jewish people, though Christians often forget this, or hesitate to accept it.

II.

How strangely paradoxical is the fate of the Jews! The passionate longing for a temporal kingdom and the total lack of a state of their own, something granted even the least important of the other peoples of the world; the messianic consciousness of their own election met by scorn and persecution from all other people; refusal of the Cross as a sign of offense, and crucifixion throughout their whole history. This is perhaps the most surprising: those who refused the cross have had to carry it, and those who accepted it have so often crucified others.

The real ideology of anti-Semitism is racial and this is the most widespread of all forms of hatred of the Jews. Germany is the classic center of this ideology which is to be traced in Luther, Fichte and Richard Wagner. This theory proclaims the Jews an inferior race, rejected by, and hostile to, all the rest of mankind. But strange to say, the inferior race appears to be the strongest, eternal-

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ly victorious over other races in any free competition. This racial anti-Semitism is inacceptable to the Christian philosophy: it is irreconcilable with Christian universalism. The present persecution of Catholics in Germany is due to the fact that Catholicism is universal. It was Christianity which proclaimed the truth that there is neither Greek nor Jew. Christianity is intended for all men and every man, regardless of his race, nationality, class or social position.

Neither racial anti-Semitism nor racism in general can withstand criticism from the religious, moral or scientific viewpoint. The Christian cannot accept such a theory, because he is obliged to see in every man the image and likeness of God. Racism is no more possible for a Christian than is nationalism. But even from the general humanitarian point of view racism is intolerable. It is inhuman, it denies the worth of the individual, the value of human personality. It permits personality to be treated as an enemy, to be destroyed if necessary. Racism is the coarsest form of materialism, far more crude than economic materialism. It is the extreme form of determinism, a denial of spiritual freedom, where representatives of the despised race are burdened with the curse of their breed, and for them there is no salvation.

Hatred of the Jews is often the search for a scapegoat. When men feel their personal misfortunes are bound up with those of history, they begin to look for someone on whom to lay the blame for it all. It is no high compliment to human nature, but man under such conditions finds relief and satisfaction if he can discover someone to hate and revenge himself upon, as the cause of all his woe. Nothing is easier than to convince people of a low degree of mentality that Jews are guilty of everything unpleasant. The emotional ground is always ready for planting the myth of a world-wide Jewish plot, or of the secret power of "Jewish Free-Masonry." When I meet people who think they see in the Jews or the Masons the party responsible for all their misfortunes and they ask me to agree with them, I always say: "It is very clear—you and I, all of us are the chiefly guilty ones." This seems to me the more truly Christian attitude. There is something degrading about the fact that those who in fear and hatred consider the Jews so powerful are thus labeling themselves as weaklings, incapable of holding their own in free competition with the Jews. The "Jewish question" is not only sinful and inhuman, it is evidence of serious weakness and incapacity.

We must consider one other charge against the Jews. They are accused of founding both capitalism and socialism. One might think that in both cases some credit for construction would be accorded to "Aryans"—we should not leave it all to the Jews—but according to these critics the Jews made all the scientific discoveries, were the only notable philosophers, created capital and industry, brought forth the world-wide movement of socialism with its struggle for justice and the amelioration of the status of the laboring class. In Jewish hands is the whole of public opinion, the press of the world and what else have you. I must admit that, as an Aryan, I find this attitude insulting, and I cannot agree to thus turning over everything to the Jews.

In the Middle Ages they were money-lenders, the only occupation they were permitted to follow. Thus Jews created the money-lender and the banker types, but they created as well the typical idealist, self-forgetfully devoted to an idea, poverty-stricken, and living only for non-material interests. Now "Aryans" also gave a helping hand to the development and the exploitation of capitalism. European capitalism was born among the merchants of Florence. And usually those who accuse the Jews of creating capitalism are not themselves enemies of the system; they would merely like to be more successful in capitalist competition, to have more capital than the Jews.

On the other hand the Jews are accused of being the creators of socialism and the principal actors in revolutionary social movements. This is not according to the facts. Lenin was not a Jew, neither were many other leaders of the Russion Revolution, neither were the great masses of workers and peasants who gained the victory for the revolution. Of course the Jews played a significant part both in the revolution and its preparation. In any revolution it is the oppressed who always play a large part—oppressed nationalities, or oppressed classes. The proletariat has always taken an active part in revolution. It is to the credit of the Jews that they have participated in the struggle for a more just social order. This charge against the Jews, however, finally amounts to the main accusation that they are trying to gain control of the whole world. Such a charge would have some sense in the mouths of those who themselves were not striving for power and an ever mightier state. But "Aryans," and Aryans who are Christians, confessing a religion which recognizes a Kingdom not of this world, have always striven for worldly power, and have set up how many temporal kingdoms! While the Jews have no state of their own, not even the smallest, Christians have possessed mighty kingdoms, and have struggled for ever greater expansion and sovereignty.

Christians have been anti-Semites chiefly on religious grounds. They recognize the Jews as a race rejected and accursed, not because they belong to a lower form of humanity, hostile to all the rest of mankind, but because they rejected Christ. Religious anti-Semitism is essentially

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anti-Judaism, and anti-Talmudism. The Christian religion is in fact hostile to the Jewish religion as it was crystallized after the Jews had refused to recognize Christ as the expected Messiah. Judaism before Christ is something quite different from Judaism after Christ. There is something deeply paradoxical in the fact that the appearance of Christ on earth, the Incarnation, God becoming man, took place in the bosom of the Jewish people. For the Jews it was extremely difficult to accept the Incarnation—that was easier for the pagans. God becomes man—to the Jews this was blasphemy, infringing upon the greatness and transcendence of God. In the early Jewish conception God was constantly intervening in human life, even in its minutest details, but He never united or amalgamated with man, never took on human form.

Here is the abyss between Christian and Judaic concepts. Christianity is a religion of God-become-man, a trinitarian religion. Judiasm is pure monotheism. The chief religious charges made by Jews against Christians is that Christianity is a betrayal of monotheism: instead of one God, there is the Trinity. Christians base their religion on the fact that a man appeared in history who called himself God, the Son of God. For the petrified concepts of Judaism that was blasphemy. Man cannot be God: he can be of the nature of God, a Messiah, but not God himself. And if he calls himself God, he cannot be the true Messiah. Here is the root of the world's greatest religious tragedy.

Ever since, throughout all Christian history, we hear the charge that the Jews crucified Christ. Ever since then, a curse lies upon the Jewish people. The Jews called down curses on themselves, agreed that the blood of Christ should be upon them and upon their children. They took upon themselves the responsibility. The Jews crucified Christ, the Son of God, in whom the whole Christian world believes. This is the accusation. But Jews were the first to accept Christ. The Apostles were Jews. The first Christian community was Jewish. Why not praise the Jews for this? Jews cried "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" But all peoples, it seems, have had an irresistible tendency to crucify their prophets, their teachers and great men. Prophets have been stoned to death in all times and countries. The Greeks poisoned Socrates, the greatest of their sons: do we curse the Greek people for that?

And it was not only Jews who crucified Christ. Throughout all their long history, Christians, or those who call themselves Christians, have by their deeds crucified their Lord, crucified Him by their anti-Semitism, by their hatreds and their violence, by their service to the powers of this world, by their treason to or their distortion of the truths Christ taught. The "Aryans" also have rejected Christ, are rejecting Him every day. And they do this in the name of their own kingdom. It is nobler openly and directly to reject Christ than to use His name for the advancement of selfish interests. When we curse and persecute the Jews for having crucified our Lord, we take the attitude of family vengeance, an attitude common in many ancient peoples, among them the Jews. But the idea of blood-feud is absolutely unacceptable to Christian consciousness. It goes quite against the Christian idea of personality, personal worth and personal responsibility. Christian principles admit of no vengeance whatever, personal or collective, as in a vendetta. The desire for revenge is sinful and demands repentance. Race, blood, vengeance—all these are foreign to true Christianity and came into it from ancient paganism.

III.

Jacques Maritain, leader of French Thomism and defender of integral Christian humanism, has a notable article in the symposium "Les Juifs." He presents the interesting idea of a diversity of missions. Christians have accepted the supernatural truth of Christianity, the truth about heaven, but have done very little to attain justice in the social life of men, have not applied their truth to society. The Jews, on the contrary, did not accept the supernatural truth of Christianity, but have been the bearers of truth about the earth, justice in human, social life. It is a fact that the idea of social justice was introduced into human thought chiefly by the Jews, while "Aryans" have more easily reconciled themselves to social injustice. In India there grew up the idea of caste, sanctioned by religion. In Greece the greatest philosophers never rose to the height of condemning slavery. The old Hebrew prophets were the first to preach Justice in human social relationships, the first to defend the poor and the oppressed. The Bible tells of periodical redivisions of wealth, so that riches should not be concentrated in a few hands, and that there should not be a sharp division between rich and poor.

IV.

Can the Jewish question be solved within the limits of history? This is the tragic question. It is not to be solved by the simple process of assimilation. It is to the credit of the humanism of the time that in the nineteenth century this was believed possible. But we live in a century not at all humane, and the events of our time hold out little hope for this solution of the Jewish question. There is also little hope of solving the problem by the development of an independent Jewish state, by means of Zionism. Even in their own ancient fatherland the Jews are now suffering persecution. Such a solution would be contrary to the messianic consciousness of the Jewish people. The Jews will remain a nation of wander-

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ers. It might be said that the Jews' destiny is eschatological, solvable only in a perspective of the end of time. But this does not in the least diminish Christians' responsibility for a Christian and humane attitude toward the Jews. Saint Paul has a mystical word about the salvation of the whole of Israel. Some interpret this as meaning Christian people, the new Israel, but it is very probable that Saint Paul was thinking of the conversion of Jews to Christianity and of the special significance of this conversion. We live in a time not only of bestial anti-Semitism, but of an increasing number of Jewish conversions to Christianity.

This fact does not interest the racial anti-Semites. For them the material fact of blood is more important than the spiritual fact of faith. Religious anti-Semites may feel that the only solution of the Jewish question is to convert the whole Jewish race to Christianity. To me, there seems to be much justice in this attitude. But at the same time, to insist upon this sort of solution may be morally questionable, or altogether wrong. If Christian anti-Semites put a knife to the throat of the Jew and demand conversion or pogrom, this is moral indecency, with no relation whatever to Christianity. Why not demand the conversion to Christianity of various "Aryan" peoples who have either fallen away completely from Christianity or are content with its purely external forms? Then, too, conversion is a fact so deeply personal that in the future it will scarcely be possible to speak of whole nations as Christian or non-Christian. To convert the Jews to Christianity it is very important that Christians themselves should be converted, should become real, and not merely formal Christians. Those who hate and persecute cannot be called Christians, no matter how many prayers they say. It is Christians themselves who offer the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the non-Christian East, India and China. The Christian world, with its wars, its national hatreds, its colonial politics, its oppression of the working classes, is a great stumbling block.

In the true Christianity of the future there will be no more "Christian states," which have been a falsification and distortion of Christianity. Christians will press on in the spiritual struggle and in consequence will regain the inner influence which they have lost, and will once more carry conviction. Above everything else it becomes Christians to defend right rather than might, and thus again they may blossom in this world. Christianity must defend human worth, the value of the human person, of every human individual, regardless of his race, nationality, class, or place in society. And it is against human personality, against the freedom of the human spirit, that attacks are now being launched from all sides. Among these is the anti-Semitic movement which denies human values and human rights to one part of humanity. The Jewish question is a test of Christian conscience and of the spiritual power of Christianity.

Poland and the Axis

Written before the English pledge of assistance, "Poland and the Axis" shows a remarkable insight into the Polish attitude toward the Rome-Berlin Axis.

By **Roger de Craon-Poussy**

THERE are few illusions concerning the reciprocal sentiments of Poland and Germany as partners in the well-known aggression pact (of 1934). Reconciliation with the *Saisonstaat* (ephemeral state) of the "great Marshal Pilsudski" has been and still is the only political act of the Fuehrer which has evoked severe criticism from a people otherwise entirely receptive to every government gesture. In Poland those who have real affection for their German neighbor are as rare as the advocates of a close association with the other chosen people, the people of Israel: they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

It is precisely this lively aversion toward the Jews which is in my opinion the source of the legend almost universally accepted in western Europe that the Polish leaders are sympathetic toward Germany. It is too easy to confuse animosity toward the Jews with leanings toward the Third Reich. In fact one of the primary elements of a new knowledge of the East would consist in the realization that anti-Semitism and anti-German sentiment coexist without conflict in the Danubian, Baltic or Balkan mind. In addition, this is also true for anti-Semitism and democratic convictions and for anti-Semitism and Catholic convictions.

What France and Britain find a puzzling paradox in Poland goes still further: pro-Germanism, or rather the opinion which places the maintenance

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of good relations with the Reich above all other political considerations, is held most of all in circles relatively friendly to the Jews, while anti-clerical outbursts come solely from the most violent adversaries of Herr Hitler. But there is not enough space here to describe the fifty factions and the hundreds of shades of political opinion which make the public life on the banks of the Vistula so picturesque. Distant observers should imitate the spectators at the airy Polish ballets: they look on and they try to grasp the whole of the bewildering movements, of a music often atonal yet harmonious. As to the details, that's the business of specialists.

The Polish ballet—or, for want of complete representatives of Slavic civilization, the fascinating album of the exquisite painter, Mme. Stryjinska, devoted to her country's dances—is invaluable as a key to more general Polish realities. It is a whole symphony of colors, passionate movement, wild, and yet controlled by an inner discipline; it comprises unrestrained aspirations, at times sublime and reaching the supernatural, but brought back by a just sense of balance to the contingencies of this earth. The youthful couple, who in Mme. Stryjinska's sketches swirl in violent embrace as if intent on escaping the ground by a miracle of levitation, nevertheless come back to earth "landing on their feet."

Too much attention should not be paid to the colors, movements and mystical flights of youth which are manifested in the streets of Warsaw, Vilna, Cracow, Posen and Gdynia. It is a mistake to examine too closely the imperialistic claims formulated by orators and editors. It is, indeed, a fine thing to see. No less fine is the spectacle of a people who do not shut out from the sordid political world, art and poetry, fantasy and even quixoticism, and who nevertheless obey the healthy and just instincts that regulate the special activities of their responsible leaders. Yes, the Poles come back to earth on their feet after a somewhat warlike dance, and, after regaining contact with the soil, they will have redoubled their strength like Anteus, the giant. And won't this soil also have increased by magic?

Secondary school students carry on something that the politicians have prepared with the aid of spontaneous anger which is cunningly directed: an offensive or rather a counter-offensive intended to solve the two great problems of Polish diplomacy; a common frontier with Hungary, because of the threatening Ukrainian peril, and the organization of colonies, in order to settle to the satisfaction of all concerned the burning Jewish question, which threatens to set off an explosion.

The youths who voice their hatred of Germany are sincere. Mature statesmen, although still young in spirit and manner, preach peace, apologize, and also are sincere in deploring some of the rash actions of their extremely bad boys, but they coldly put to good use whatever profit Poland can make out of these disturbing incidents.

Polish objectives oppose Reich's plans

The axis has given the Warsaw government everything compatible with German political aims: the return of Cieszyn, security of the Soviet frontier, and a truce on Poland's western borders. Finally, it has manifested a friendliness that certain democratic powers would not have considered appropriate if Poland had known what was good for her and submitted to the tutelage of the Allies. On the other hand, the future objectives of this nation are opposed to the wishes of the Reich. It is hardly necessary to mention the motives which prevent the Wilhelmstrasse from cutting herself off from the road to Rumania, the Black Sea, Asia Minor. It should be emphasized, too, that the prospects of rehabilitating the Polish national economy (which would make Poland independent of the financial protectorate of the Reich) would not please Berlin either. Hitler disapproves of any serious efforts to settle the Polish-Jewish question, a program which would transport the Jewish masses to overseas colonies under a Polish flag. Germany fears that a Poland which is too powerful would paralyze a large part of the German army in case the National-Socialist empire should turn on France and England.

These two countries are well qualified to grant Poland what she needs today. They could not have (or would not have wished to) encourage the claims that Warsaw fostered against Czechoslovakia. They would not be opposed to admitting Poland to the group of Colonial powers or to furthering an agreement between the Poles and the Jews, or to accepting a common Polish-Hungarian frontier. Paris and London are able to supply the capital for Polish colonization abroad and for a program of large public works at home. And as nothing is obtained here below except in return for something, Warsaw is able to offer France and Britain a considerable value in eventual assistance.

Poland retards the "Great Maneuver"

First of all, Poland will not go to war on the side of the Axis; and what is more—she will, by her very neutrality itself, make the Reich think twice before ordering the "Great Maneuver." The diplomacy of Colonel Beck will also second the proposals that Downing Street broaches at Bucharest, Belgrade and Budapest. England and Poland bar the way, if not by common agreement at least by their common interest, to German hegemony in the Danube Basin. In the third place, Warsaw helps hold back an evolution which in my opinion is inevitable, but which is worth checking as long as possible: the renewal of Russo-German collaboration. Aside from the "imponderables," although they should not be neglected

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in our day any more than in the past, Poland, a state which is profoundly Christian and which is attached by indissoluble links to the Latin civilization of the West, remains for France and England a sister nation with whom one talks the same language, while the new accents emanating from Berlin and Moscow seem less and less understandable.

What I have said of the future relations between Poland and Germany does not apply at all to Polish relations with Italy. Rome can hope only for a prosperous Poland, strong and united; first of all to hold in check that beloved Germany; then to keep the Soviets shut off from Europe by a solid dike. Between Italy and Poland there are as many historic memories and mutual sympathies which bring the two people together as there are bones of contention between Germany and Poland. Mussolini would not be sorry to hear that the Polish Jews have moved to a colony over which the Polish flag would float, or that the most recent war against the Jews had ended thanks to an important *piccola combinazione.* We know that the Duce has strongly upheld the Polish-Hungarian point of view on Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, and that he agreed to the recent arbitration only because of the insistence of Hitler; and, last but not least, the Italian tendencies in the Danube Basin and in the Balkans are strictly the same as those of England. They are opposed to the German *Drang nach Osten,* and they seek, probably not without certain connivance (tacit or eloquent) on the part of the Foreign Office, the maintenance of an independent and influential position by the Fascist Empire in all the countries threatened by the Pan-German and Nazi drives.

Without being willing to line up with the Berlin-Rome axis, Poland continues to manifest a benevolent attitude toward this group; an attitude that no incident should trouble. The Danube Basin and the Balkan Peninsula would furnish a particularly propitious field for Italian-Polish collaboration. It is, nevertheless, to be borne in mind that a common Polish-Hungarian border is among the essential conditions for any joint action by Rome and Warsaw. M. Beck seems to have insisted on the revision worked out at Budapest and Bucharest. It is possible that he made some allusion to a sensible improvement of the Polish-Czech atmosphere. Besides, he has not concealed the fears with which recent experience have inspired the fervent advocates of friendly relations between the two countries on either side of the Vistula.

The question of Danzig, the oppression of the Polish minority in Germany, the arrogant attitude of the Germans in Poland, the reactions that the persecution of German Catholics arouse in a country as profoundly Christian as the native land of Sobieski, the German military preparations so ostentatiously directed against the other signatory of the non-aggression pact, all that must have been called to the attention of Count Ciano in the course of his visit to Warsaw. There are, furthermore, the student demonstrations, and the Polish press, which has unanimously upheld the grievances formulated against the Reich—and the Fascist minister knows that Polish newspapers are not submitted to the severe discipline of their Italian or German contemporaries. Such were the topics that he discussed with a large number of politicians, generals and financiers; and finally, the report of the excellent Italian ambassador at Warsaw must have demonstrated to the son-in-law of the Duce the true status of German-Polish relations.

After the disappearance of Czechoslovakia these relations will have to undergo frequent and severe strains. Berlin consented against its will to tolerate the establishment of a Polish-Hungarian frontier; the Germans will not give up their grandiose plan to push onward toward the Black Sea, across Ukraine. Geopolitics will be added to historic memories to whip up German-Polish antagonism again. A Warsaw-Bucharest-Budapest bloc is clearly outlined on the horizon. Only a complete failure to understand this situation on the part of the Western powers could throw into the arms of Germany the three states which are the natural and most violent adversaries of a further German *Drang nach Osten.* Alas, the ineptitude of his adversaries has always helped Hitler immensely. Will it come into play again, re-forging the links, the chains which bind Poland to her hereditary enemy, the Reich?

Ave Maria

("Greek and Christian legends of gods and mortals are of the same type": Text in Comparative Religion.)

No flowery love is this, soon told:
Zeus for Alcmena, Danae's gold,
Set hot in passion, slack in lips.
Lost in arm's play cool godhead slips
To yokelage, much apron-stringed.
She knew, her eyes unknit from form
Saw quiet in the heart of storm,
Wings in the day, one who stood talking
Where only winds were walking.
Pen to write *Verbum,* voice for song
New slip in the tree of ancient wrong;
Flower is set where flower was none,
Laughter buds with the ripening sun.
Not love between Love and a maid in spring,
The way of Love and each living thing.
Crossed woods in the night, moved stone at dawn,
Prelude immortally carried on
While love is Love, and time is set
On the breast of the future for amulet.

FRANCIS B. THORNTON.

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Singing Boy

The incomparable Paulist Choristers are internationally known: here is an intimate picture of how they study and work.

By **Elizabeth Nash**

THERE are a half-dozen Automats scattered between the N.B.C. studios at Radio City and Choir Hall, official home of the Paulist Choristers on 59th Street, in New York City. Around quarter of seven on any Sunday evening from September to June you can find practically all of Father Finn's Junior Choir distributed among them. This is pay night and each junior chorister has received his weekly stipend of $.50—the only material recompense he receives—for singing on the Catholic Hour. The broadcast over, the choristers must eat before reporting at choir hall for St. Paul's Sunday evening service.

Shepherded by an adult chorister each group enjoys its treat. Shouting is frowned upon by Father Finn—it does things to vocal cords—but it is almost humanly impossible for the guardian to command sanity in food selection and restraint in vocal exuberance.

"Ah, one more piece of pie, Jim, and I won't eat any ice cream. . . ."

A ripple of slightly derisive laughter runs through choir hall, intermingled with mild cries of "A," "A," "A." Father Finn has just caught a bright-faced junior napping. It does not pay to dream in choir hall and then to look supremely intelligent if you suddenly see that a question is about to be popped—on the theory that if you look as though you know it, you will not be asked the answer. Father Finn is way ahead of you in such minor subtleties. The chorister's unhappy choice, plucked wildly out of the air, was "C." Unquestionably it should have been "A."

"If you come in on C," says Father Finn, "you'll give us a solo we weren't looking for." The discomfited one manages a grin, there is a rap of the baton and rehearsal proceeds.

There are few signs of restlessness among the assortment of fifty or more boys present, varying in age from nine to fifteen, though practise has now proceeded for almost an hour. Up and up soar the angelic tones. One more run over a particularly difficult bit and they will be through.

"Who are soloists for tomorrow?" asks Father Finn.

About six hands shoot up. To these there falls an additional admonition or two. A little fellow flanked by crutches looks somewhat mournful.

"As for you, Mr. Lyden," observes Father Finn, "please pick a time when we're not so busy to fall down stairs."

Mr. Lyden (all Father Finn's boys are "mister" on choir duty) is a soloist. As no soloist may appear on crutches, his disability is highly inopportune. His feeble protests that the tumble was really accidental came to naught among the laughter of his fellows.

Dismissal comes at twelve and there is a scampering for the door. A few boys linger to look over a press clipping book. "That's the fellow that hurt himself," volunteers one youngster, pointing to a close-up group picture in a recent evening paper. Sure enough there is Mr. Lyden, earnestly wide-mouthed, sound of tooth and limb.

It takes a surprising amount of stamina to be a chorister in the Paulist ensemble. In fact, it takes more stamina than voice to begin with. The voice may be good, bad or indifferent when it arrives; there are no specific requirements for entry. (Father Finn can turn any boy who is not handicapped by chronic laryngitis into an excellent vocal imitation of a seraph.) The procedure for admission is about as follows: A mother living in the vicinity of New York decides that her boy of nine is suitable chorister material. She phones Father Finn's study and learns that she may bring Jack in during rehearsal so that he may have an audition immediately afterward. Invariably, during this audition the candidate's voice fails to measure up to its usual performance and his fond parent is convinced that all is lost. Before the child has finished another line, however, Father Finn stops him and turns to her. "He's all right," he beams, "let him come around for rehearsal next Tuesday."

For six months Jack is a probationer. After that he either belongs or he doesn't. At rehearsals he finds himself queried at unexpected moments. In choir he is allowed after a while to join in responses with his fellow-probationers ranged in the first row of the adult choristers. He is permitted a cassock and surplice, but no collar and tie.

Jack begins to realize that he must sacrifice some boyish recreation in order to keep up with school studies and choir rehearsals. At the minimum these are three a week; at the maximum they may run into almost every day in the week. If he lives very far away, and few choristers are indig-

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enous to St. Paul's parish, he learns to carry a school book with him on train or bus. A long established tradition is that no chorister flunks his school exams.

An amazing casualness characterizes the youngsters whom visitors from all over the country come to see and hear as they sing their way in recessional out of the sanctuary after high Mass in St. Paul's Church. While Father Finn has given them a fully developed understanding of the beauty of music and of their masculine privilege of contributing to it in divine worship, he has on the other hand greatly minimized all sense of individual importance. Each boy is simply a unit whose place may readily be filled in the impersonal whole. Before a major performance, or during a trying period, these choristers are never given explicit instructions as to rest or recreation or diet. They are mildly pleased when the bulletin board flaunts news stories and awards, but they would be equally pleased, one feels, *sans* all that. Incidentally, Fame is a fickle jade and they are taught not to regard her. God knows if a fellow is not doing his job right and, moreover, so does Father Finn.

As the winter season advances, benefit performances as well as additional radio work pile up. This year World's Fair concerts represent one of the major extras on Father Finn's schedule. The two great liturgical feasts of the Church year, Christmas and Easter, the latter particularly, tax the choristers' fiber and capabilities to the utmost. Even the oldest hand dreads while he loves this period. It begins on Palm Sunday night with a Lenten oratorio that, for utter perfection of tone and execution, can leave one breathless. By Easter Sunday morning, when cathedral-like St. Paul's is packed with extra seats, this same choir through sheer fatigue may be ready to collapse. The choristers have gone through a week of incredible demands on body and nerves and skill. They have sung the lengthy and difficult morning liturgy on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday; the Tenebrae office on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights; the three-hours oratorio on Good Friday afternoon. They have risen early and gone to bed late (some of the adult choristers have been on duty after midnight). By Easter Sunday morning it is a question whether tired frames and minds and ragged nerves will gain that second wind for which the athlete prays as he nears the end of his strength. Generally this happens. There was one Easter morning when that second wind failed to materialize, and a shaken and shamefaced choir faced in miserable silence the devastating lash of Father Finn's scorn in choir hall. On Low Sunday, the following week, they were superb.

One might dismiss the subject of the chorister species known as the boy soloist with a casual "no temperamental prima donna he," but there is more to it than that. Father Finn strives after and usually attains the perfect anonymity of individual voices called for in orthodox church music. None the less, he is ever on the alert for the soloist. The soloist, normally, just happens. He may be discovered thoughtlessly singing to himself between rehearsals or he may burst into full bloom during the tuning-up process preceding performance. Totally unheralded, another "star is born." His is a no more exalted status than is that of the other youngsters. He merely finds himself useful now and then in singing a few lines or a complete motif. Older boys whisper a word of advice or encouragement as he steps out for his first solo, and the senior chorister regards him a shade anxiously, but for the most part with the lovely unconsciousness of childhood he sends forth his golden notes naturally and without mishap. Non-soloists bear him no evident envy and, should pride beset him, choir history establishes for him the fact that, when the Paulist Choristers received first honors in the *Division d'Honneur* of the International Competition in Paris, there was not a boy soloist in the lot. The award was made on the peculiarly spiritual quality of the young sopranos, a summary of which baffles imprisonment in phrases.

On Sunday mornings choir locker rooms present a scene of seething animation. Solemn Mass is the chorister's most regular and important assignment and one for which he must never be late. Very rarely is anybody late, and more rarely is anybody absent. Arms fly into cassocks, small figures struggle with collars and bow ties. A motherly woman lends a practised hand here, there, everywhere. In a short time all are ready, the last unruly locks is combed into place, music scores are secured and assembly into the chancel begins. Here the procession forms: led by their senior chorister, the juniors precede adults to the choir stalls on either side of the high altar. The processional hymn is generally simple, often almost rollicking in tone, but before the morning is over the choristers may have sung the *Missa Brevis* or the Pope Marcellus Mass, examples of polyphony seldom attempted anywhere because they are so difficult. In the choristers' bag are innumerable measures for satisfying the music-appreciation of a large and varied audience.

In their day, past and present, Paulist Choristers have been escorted by motor cycle police through the streets of New York (and to points as far away as Long Island) to keep up with engagements; they have sung with symphony orchestras at home and abroad; they have enchanted the Vicar of Rome; they have been awarded international honors in Paris; they have won innumerable radio awards; they have sung and slept and eaten their way around the United States, Canada and Europe, and they have evoked the unstinted praise of metropolitan music critics.

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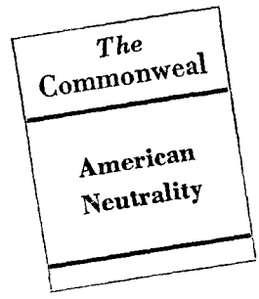

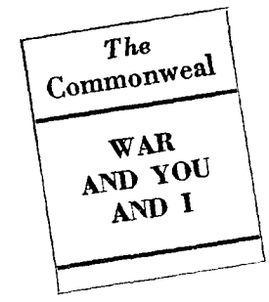

The new Common

Here are some of the outstanding observers and analysts who appeared in THE COMMONWEAL during the past year. Each week writers like these analyze for COMMONWEAL readers the important events of the day.

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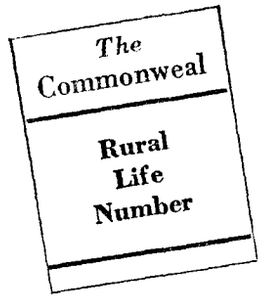

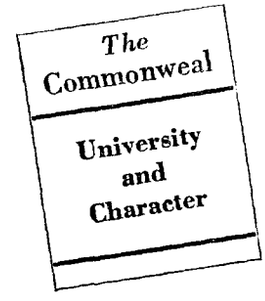

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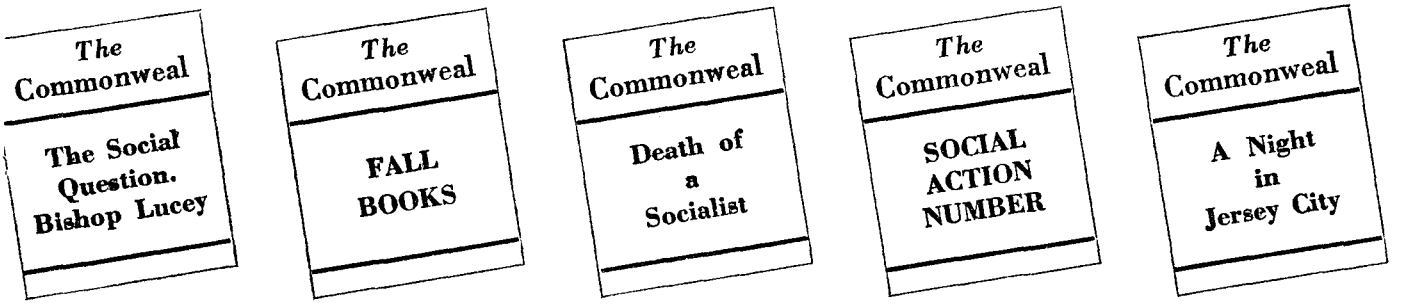

veal *is one year old!*

And the April 1939 issue of the English magazine "Blackfriar's" says "impossible even to list the first-class matter that appears weekly in this lay-edited review."

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THE April 7 issue completed the first year of the new COMMONWEAL. Can any American magazine, secular or Catholic, claim a more imposing array of writers than the COMMONWEAL group listed on the opposite page?

SUBSCRIBERS: If you have enjoyed THE COMMONWEAL during the past year, will you cooperate to secure a wider hearing for the views it expresses? Help us keep up our circulation during the coming summer by sending THE COMMONWEAL for the next six months to an acquaintance or two who would relish expert opinions such as these.

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Flemish Art in America

The American exhibition of paintings by the great Flemish artists again indicates the dearth of good contemporary religious art.

By James W. Lane

GOOD paintings in good modern Catholic churches are rare, and why is it? A blight seems to come over the modern church painter when he tries to paint a religious scene or a person at devotion. Commentary, I suppose, upon the prevalence of non-religiousness. This lack of understanding among present-day painters who would paint for churches nowhere appears more forcibly than when one compares their work with that of the great Flemings. Fortunately, Flemish painting—I mean that from 1430, the time of the Van Eycks, to that of Pieter Bruegel the elder, about 1550—is looming large these days in the eyes of connoisseurs and the lay public: there have been in Europe six or seven shows of vast international importance in the last twelve years. Not the least part of the appreciation of Flemish painting is due to the fact that people, I think, if they are at all sensitive, realize that from these pictures emanates much of the same grandeur, charm and reserve that informs the Church.

The most wonderful exhibition of such Flemish painting that we are ever likely to see in this country in our lifetime has just opened, a concrete example of what superb religious painting should be. This is the Worcester-Philadelphia Exhibition, whose purpose is to call attention to the gems of painting now in the United States, especially in the John G. Johnson Collection of the Philadelphia Museum, which with the Worcester Museum of Art arranged the show and which represents the finest array of Flemish painting in the world outside of Belgium itself. The exhibition, reinforced by some thirty pictures from the Royal Museums of Belgium and from various Belgian private collections and by many from other American sources, making a total of 125 paintings, is being shown throughout April at the Philadelphia Museum.

The first esthetic and spiritual requisites for good religious painting, as for good secular painting, for that matter, are simplicity and sincerity. This is not to say that the artist need be afraid of putting in detail or even of painting it realistically. The essential thing for him to do is to keep his pictures free from clutter. No matter how beautiful his technique may be, as was Dürer's, the cluttering of a composition with too much detail, or even with too much of a thick, viscous paint, spells its esthetic and spiritual ruin. Yet even if he remains both sincere and simple, even if he can keep his design and detail both austere and exact, then, given talent in technique (which 95 percent of the Flemish painters had), it may not be possible for him to turn out the supernal masterpieces that grace the Worcester-Philadelphia Exhibition. For an uninterrupted series of geniuses occurred in fifteenth-century Flanders and while one reason for them may be their strength of faith, there is no other explanation for their just happening then.

Think of having the Van Eycks, Petrus Christus, Robert Campin, Roger Van der Weyden, Dirk Bouts, Hugo Van der Goes, Simon Marmion, Memling, Gerard David, Bosch and Massys, all coming in quick succession, with only about sixty-six years separating the birth of Jan Van Eyck from that of Massys. Yet never, I suppose, has there been painting like the Flemish marked by such spiritual seriousness over such a long period of time, for after these men come Breugel and his group in the sixteenth century and Rubens, though he was sometimes little religious, in the seventeenth. Yet even Rubens, a painter I have never cared for, for one thing since you can't tell whether he means a worldly woman to be Our Lady or vice versa, could make up in élan what he lacked in piety. But he is the exception. The others that I have mentioned in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Flanders were all profound painters, and not at all merely concerned with the realism of natural appearances. The reality that lived for them was a transcendental reality.

Popular and superlatively fine

When to this depiction of the life of the spirit, of religious life, in terms both more realistic and more convincing than those used by the Spanish painters was added a great knowledge of esthetic formulas for building up color and composition, the result was superlatively fine painting. It was popular, too. We are told of how a painting such as "The Adoration of The Lamb" by the Van Eycks was admired by crowds like swarms of bees. M. Van Puyvelde, the director of the Belgian Royal Museums who is responsible for the foreign loans to this remarkable exhibition, has well suggested that the popularity of these works at the time of their production was due to the in-

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fatuation of all strata of Flemish society with artistic life. Thus, the princes, an instructed clergy, a rich bourgeoisie, and a tradespeople that revered fine craftsmanship readily enthused. The paintings attained to an unbelievably high level of artistic and spiritual quality and that in an era when good painting elsewhere, Italian, French, German and English, was not marked by the same religious dignity or forcefulness. Indeed, where French fifteenth-century religious painting in Avignon or Burgundy came close to it, one can usually trace a Flemish tinge in the work.

Yet not all the paintings in this show are religious, that is, of religious scenes, although more than half are. There are many genre paintings, such as an immense one by Pieter Aertsen of a cook surrounded by still-life, and many great portraits. There is, for instance, quite the most wonderful Flemish portrait I know, that of "Princess Marie of Savoy," from the Dumbarton Oaks Collection in Washington, a person who, after her husband Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan died in 1447, became a nun. This masterpiece by Robert Campin, painted about 1425, is worth going miles to see. Not that it is so sparkling or translucent in its color values as some of the other paintings. The dull rose of dress and of bat-winged head-dress is very low in key, so low that with the rather parchment-colored skin of the princess, you might pass her by for more sensational color schemes. Stop but once before her, however, and you are held by the fascination of her contemplative face. It is a painting, an oil on panel as are most of these masterpieces, which has as much poetry of conception as have Giorgione's portraits in a more secular field. There are some marvelous portraits portraying religious contemplation in this Flemish show: Simon Marmion's "Saint Jerome and a Donor" (from the Johnson Collection) and a "A Donor and Saint John," by Hugo Van der Goes (from the Walters Art Gallery of Baltimore).

Spiritual realists

From this type of portraiture it is an easy step to one of the most religious, if not scriptural, masterpieces in the exhibition: "Saint Francis Receiving the Stigmata" of the Johnson Collection, by Jan Van Eyck. This tiny thing, five by five and three-quarters inches in size, delineates not the emaciated, bearded Saint Francis whom El Greco and Italians painted, but a calm, clean-shaven man with a thoroughly living head, modern, powerful and contemplative. Jan Van Eyck often made the flesh tones of his sitters an ungracious brown (due, it is said, to the poor varnish he used), but in the "Saint Francis" the brown exactly suits the required darkness of skin. The conventional rock strata and turreted castles of these early Flemish paintings fill the background.

Flemings have always been characterized by especially devout faith. You find it in Belgium today. The Jocists are only one manifestation of it. The religious scenes painted by the fifteenth and sixteenth century forebears of modern Flanders have an austerity of design that is strangely modern. Gerard David's luminous, fresh "Pietà" from the Johnson Collection could have been painted, from the standpoint of enamel-like pigment and stark, rigid composition, by some modern, a Rockwell Kent, a Brockhurst, or an Augustus John who had received the Faith. The figures are not weeping, full-faced or sensuous, as Rubens and Tiepolo were to paint them in the seventeenth century, thus sometimes extracting the religious element altogether. But David makes the cross, under which the scene of the Pietà takes place, dominate the panel, its dark, almost T-shaped arms being silhouetted against dove-grey stylized cloud forms and balanced by the verdant apple-green cliff-tops of the background.

This particularly refreshing apple-green, which the Flemings derived from the technique of the earlier Cologne School painters, such as Stephan Lochner, maintains its freshness because it has been kept free from moisture in a varnish or balsam. Oil painting by means of a final oil glaze over tempera work or oil painting used simply for rich draperies was known as early as the fourteenth century.

The Van Eycks bleached and purified their oil and ground the colors in it, too, but the varnish was not applied to the colors until the last moment. The glorious effect of glossy surface and of brilliant color is best seen in the late fifteenth-century work of Antwerp painters, such as Quentin Massys and Gerard David. How beautifully these painters put a rosy red in juxtaposition to a deep or a light blue! No modern self-consciousness about the complements, red and green. They made better contrasts with blue and red, red and grey—as in Roger Van der Weyden's noble "Our Lady and St. John," of the Johnson Collection—or red and black. Perfection of technique is everywhere emphasized in these paintings, which accounts for the porcelanous finish and translucent colors that have been applied to a specially prepared white, smooth ground.

But over and above this refined technique of oil painting, which all young guild-apprenticed painters were required to learn, and to obtain the subtler secrets of which many already celebrated painters—Van der Weyden for one—reapprenticed themselves as assistant to a famous master, one finds that spiritual trend which went deep to the roots of the whole Flemish district. They were realists, technically, yes, if you will, but in everything that touched reflection and religion they were truly spiritual. Many of their paintings indicate that they thought of God at every possible moment or juncture in their lives.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FOR Signora Antonia Miotti, and Signorine Virginia and Carolina Filipini, Maria Teresa Prinetti and Maria Vittoria Torri.

OSPITALITÁ ITALIANA

To write a sonnet in the land where Song
First chose that classic form, enshrined
With all the art of Petrarch and entwined
With lasting laurel that Vittoria long
Ago did win for Italy, were wrong
To recklessness indeed—unless so kind
Should It'ly to her lover be as to bind
His disused lyre with the strings so strong

That Italian poets strike with fingers sure
To wake the music that this land of light
And life and love gives freely to the world—
Then I, the Stranger, welcomed within the door
Of Ivory and Gold, might join the choir bright
Singing of Italy on lutes impearled.

Agrigento, Sicily, March 17, 1939.

I assured the ladies that in spite of their hospitality to my verses, as well as to myself, when they so kindly added the wandering Americano to their charming party on a motoring tour of Sicily—which I embarked upon because I fell sound asleep in the train from Rome that I should have left at Naples in order to go to Capri, and the rest ordered as a cure for 'flu—I was not at all so certain of the hospitality that my editors might deem appropriate for such limping lines. However, there they are, the first attempt at verse that your reviewer has made since those days in Carmel-by-the-Sea that the shore line of Sicily so often brings back to memory. So kindly let the lines pass; and please send copies of THE COMMONWEAL to Signora Antonia Torri Miotti, Via Gezio Calini 24, Brescia, Italy—enough to go around the party; for they will take the will for the deed that didn't come off, and my reputation as a poet never was of the sort that can be damaged further.

Capri must remain unvisited, and unrested in, even although I still possess a receipt for an advance payment on a hotel bill. There was no rest in Sicily; but so much to make up for rest—and one blessed day of really hot sunshine (or some hours, anyhow) among the ruined temples of Agrigento—that I have returned to Rome fully refreshed, after motor-roads that were terrifying, in a car manipulated by a driver who used only two or three fingers at a time, and sketched out eloquent conversations with his otherwise disengaged hands. I shall not attempt the impossible task of describing Sicily as it was revealed on the swift rush of that powerful motor, from Palermo—with that marvel of the Byzantine chapel of Monreale—clear round the further end of the island, and criss-cross to its towering center and the view of Etna, to Syracuse, where soon the Greek plays will be given, and on to incredible Taormina. March winds blew their cruelest; hail, snow, sleet and stinging rain swept through orchards of blooming almond trees, and orange and lemon, and fields of asphodel (name lovelier than the rather ragged stalk) and many other flowers, again evoking California after the rains in the spring—though the great sweep of yellow poppies were not here, nor the fragrant yerba buena. There is a lady in Westport, Connecticut, however, to whom Taormina is more than a twice-told story; and though the sonnet may not interest her, she may know by these presents that somehow she had prepared me for Taormina—but we must go together to Syracuse, when next the plays are given.

This year, I am afraid, we must give up that dream—for here in Rome, with the King going to Parliament through streets lined with troops, and all the rumors and worse than rumors that make this hour in Europe by common consent of those entitled to an opinion far more tense the last September—here in Rome we Americans cannot plan trips to Syracuse; those who are safely on the far side of the sheltering Atlantic were well advised to remain there for the present, and those of us who are on the hot spots, or near them, have other things to think and write about.

As for your reviewer, he did not go to see the King pass among the royal guard today—he is fed up with politics, and pageants of power, and the sound of marching feet is not calling to him with any compelling magic. All that he can hope for now is that when the purple cloths appear in the churches next week, and the great drama of the last two weeks of Lent moves toward Easter, that in the deep places of the human spirit, and in the human hearts as well of the people of these lands of beauty and despair, and history that is too monotonous of conflict for the liking of a man of the far western world, things will begin to move that may make for happier life than does the dolorous news from Prague, and Memel, and Berlin, and Paris, and Moscow, and Madrid. All that this chronicler can add, today, is "Mater Ecclesia, miserere nobis!"

Communications

Green Bay, Wis.

TO the Editors: In the February 24, 1939, issue of THE COMMONWEAL, announcing articles for the March 3 issue, under the head of "The Lady Doth Protest Too Much," among other comments we find the following:

"'Religion is all right at home. I guess it's okay for college fellows. They have it soft. But out here in the CCC camps you have to be tough to get along, and the church business doesn't help none. We just outgrow it.' Thus a young Catholic who has lost the habit of church-going. No priest comes to minister to the Catholics—occasionally a Protestant clergyman calls. A straggling few go to town to church on Sunday in a camp truck. In 'Christianity in the CCC,' Paul Revere Waddell tells us about the 'forgotten' boys. The CCC may feed and house them but in this particular camp, at least, it makes

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no provision for the moral or spiritual care of our unemployed boys."

The above comments or reflections expressed by the young Catholic who has lost the habit of church-going, or the "forgotten" boys Paul Revere Waddell tells about in "Christianity in the CCC," cannot truthfully apply to any of the CCC camps now functioning in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin Council of Catholic Women, having with its affiliations a membership of 25,000 women, has for the past four years carried on, as one of its special welfare measures, the distribution of prayer-books to the CCC boys. Up to date 8,000 new prayer-books were donated by the council.

Very soon after the establishment of CCC camps in our state was effected, to be accurate, at the October, 1935, board meeting of the Wisconsin Council of Catholic Women, the state chaplain (a Catholic priest at that time) by invitation of the council made a strong appeal to the board that prayer-books be furnished the CCC boys. The council after due consideration and with full approval of the hierarchy of the different dioceses within the state, started the work. During 1936 and 1937 each of the 63 camps then functioning received 100 books or a total of 6,300. In 1938, 18 camps were closed. There are now 45 camps in operation.

Many of the camps are located in the midst of solid forests in the northern part of the state; however, in the large majority of instances, the chaplain who has been assigned by his respective bishop to look after the spiritual care of the enrollees, often drives long distances each week on Saturday to the camp. He in every instance is received most cordially by the officers in charge. He is permitted to give instructions and hear confessions at the camp and, if a church be too far distant, he may also say Mass on Sunday at camp. However, in the majority of places, there is a church in a town within ten or fifteen miles. In that case the government furnishes trucks to transport the boys to divine service. Non-Catholic chaplains are also accorded an opportunity to minister to boys of their faith.

In addition to furnishing prayer-books, rosaries, etc., the Welfare Committee of the council has been quite successful in securing a representative, active Catholic woman, residing near the different chaplains, who is responsible for collecting good literature, not necessarily all Catholic, but clean in text as well as hygienic. This woman sees to it that regularly, about once a month, a large carton of books, magazines and current periodicals are given to the chaplain to take to camp.

The council feels that the government is doing an excellent job in caring for these boys, educating, clothing, housing and teaching them reforestation, and other useful occupations. Many of the CCC boys come from homes where a very limited education was afforded, and where parents themselves had few if any advantages. The Wisconsin Council of Catholic Women is zealous to pass on a more detailed account of its plan to any group that would like to take up the work in another state.

MRS. W. F. MCCLOSKEY, *State Chairman,*
Wisconsin Council of Catholic Women.

PHILOSOPHERS, THOMISTS AND DIALECTICIANS

Paris, France.

TO the Editors: I meant no disrespect to M. Maritain in referring to him as a dialectician, since I admire such. The French mean no criticism either in so calling him, as they do. Only his immediate followers and he himself call him a philosopher. I would have done better to have called him a Thomist, and so wrote originally but changed, fearing the term too rarefied for an average reader—which you agreeably are not. Last month I made a special detour through Toulouse to see the Saint Thomas relics in the great church there. Alas his precious skull was wrapped in dirty white satin, inside a glass box.

The *New Yorker* sent me your comment of March 10. Thank you for your interest. I don't bog at books, but don't seem to have time to read all I desire. I read only Maritain's humanism contribution. The trouble with writers is that we write too much and don't read enough.

GENÊT.

HUTCHINITES AND PROGRESSIVES

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: I wish to call attention to a statement made by John Abbot Clark in his article on Henry Adams. It is this: "Men like Flexner and Hutchins were more likely to achieve martyrdom than to regain for American education the measure of integrity it once had." What I seek to disclose is not so much a disagreement with this statement as a further emphasis of its implications.

Hutchins stands for an ideal of education that is contrary to the one which Progressive educators embrace. Plainly speaking Hutchins realizes that our educational system has been educating men and women to make money and gain social status. Everyone, he seems to feel, has been making money out of education without giving anything of permanent value in return. To Hutchins this is far from the true ideals of a higher education. And he blames the present materialistic bases of modern education on the Progressives, who took for their guiding principle the pragmatic notion that anything should be taught that is workable, and conversely that which had no definite, immediate, tangible reward in way of monetary or concrete ways, should be rigorously abolished.

Because Hutchins rebelled against this opportunistic system of education, he was immediately called names of one kind or another. But what is more important, Hutchins tried to show a remedy to the cure of our ills. He proposed that instead of placing all of our educational emphasis on "Function" we should revert back to the Aristotelian concept of "Being." It was chiefly, I think, because of this statement that Hutchins was accused of flirting with Catholicism and that what he sought to establish was a hierarchy of truths. John Dewey, the father of Progressive education, criticized Hutchins for trying to establish a hierarchy of truths because he said Hutchins completely evaded the problem of who is to determine the definite truths that constitute the hierarchy.

This is hardly the place to do justice to this fundamental

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point. Nevertheless, this much at least should be clear. Science, and all its concomitants are for the first time since the 17th century on the defensive. Whereas, the principles of Catholicism are gaining impetus every day. (I am not a Catholic.) If Hutchins insists that philosophy rather than science can teach one to live a better and fuller life, then in all fairness one must admit the logical connection between this viewpoint and that of St. Thomas and recently of Jacques Maritain. But because there is a relation between the Catholic and the Hutchins philosophy, I should think that it would indicate more clearly than before that what the Catholic thinkers have been trying to say for the last five hundred years is finally coming into its own—not from a secular point of view—but one which will embrace the whole world.

For those who have the eyes to see a great battle will take place between the Progressives and the Hutchinites. Time alone will tell who will be the victor. But the battle is certainly coming.

STUART BRENT.

LENT AND DEMOCRACY

Sacramento, Cal.

TO the Editors: The article by Thos. Fox, C.S.P., on Lent and Democracy in today's COMMONWEAL is one of the finest articles I ever read. I wish every Catholic in the U. S. A. would read it, and read it again in order to get some of the reasons he advances for keeping Lent.

I wish the non-Catholics could see the article. I think it would make a profound impression on many of them. Too bad more Catholics do not read our Catholic magazines.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

LITURGICAL "TRE ORE"

Pittsburgh.

TO the Editors: On page 672, of your issue of April 7, 1939, the "Inner Forum" column has an interesting comment on the Good Friday Mass of the Pre-Sanctified.

It may be of interest to you to know that we here at Sacred Heart carry out the Liturgy of Good Friday with very great care . . . The Mass at 12 o'clock noon, begins with an explanation of the whole function from the Pulpit; then the actual ceremony continues, with the singing of the Passion, with the Turba parts harmonized from the great music of William Byrd by our men's choir. The Adoration of the Cross by the people takes place at the proper time, during the Mass; and to fill out the three hours for those who have time to wait, we have a Sermon and end the services with Stations of the Cross, by Cardinal Newman, the whole thing being accurately timed to end in three hours.

Almost every one in the immense congregation is provided with a Holy Week book, and many of them procure the words and Music of the Passion, so they may follow intently the entire function.

REV. THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

Points & Lines

War or Peace for the U. S.?

THE MOST vital immediate problem facing the nation today is how to avoid being drawn into the war which seems so imminent in Europe. The greatest variety of views is manifested on the best way of making sure that we shall not be drawn in. Indeed, many American publicists are quite in favor of openly joining up with France and Britain. *The Nation* in discussing the various proposals aired at the Senate hearings makes this suggestion about keeping us out of war:

> Unless some unequivocal provision can be inserted distinguishing between an aggressor and his victim, the Neutrality Act had best be repealed altogether. In our opinion nothing could be more dangerous than the constant revision of the Act in an effort to anticipate the line-up of forces in the next conflict. We cannot thus chart the future. Such a policy is certainly not "neutrality" and it can scarcely provide protection against our becoming involved in war. Far better that we wipe the slate clean and then take such action as is necessary to prevent our being actively enrolled as a partner in the aggressions now taking place in the world.

The fact that something must be done about the present Neutrality Act is forcefully advanced by Walter Lippmann in his syndicated column. He points out that under the legislation now in force a Presidential proclamation to the effect that a state of war exists automatically prohibits the sale for export of all "arms, ammunition and implements of war" to both sides while the provision expiring May 1 forbids the selling of foods and raw materials to nations that are at war. Mr. Lippmann continues:

> After May 1, therefore, our laws will be in a dangerous muddle. On the one hand, the United States will be unable to sell weapons to nations which may be the victims of brutal aggression. On the other hand, the American business man will be able, in order to earn his profits, to challenge individually the submarines and airplanes of the aggressor powers. Under Section 1 we shall be refusing weapons to the nations that are defending themselves. But under Section 2, when it has expired, American cotton, copper and oil-producers will be engaged in a private struggle with the Rome-Berlin axis, and some may also be engaged in attempts to run the British blockade.

The Senate hearings themselves seem to revolve around two main positions. The first of these may be said to be voiced by former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, who said he favors increasing the discretionary powers of the President when war breaks out:

> I believe that in all such laws the President should have more discretion. I am a Republican and the present administration is Democratic, but I have always tried to limit my partizanship in the zone of foreign affairs. I am a strong believer in the system of representative government, and from my observation I have come to the belief that in no sphere of government action is representative action so essential, so effective, or so safe from abuse as in the conduct of foreign relations. I am not impressed with the fear that in that zone Presidential discretion is likely to be abused.

The other type of revision of the present Neutrality Act, instead of permitting the President to designate

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aggressor and innocent victim, as Mr. Stimson seems to desire, would favor "cash and carry" commerce in war materials with belligerent nations regardless of their status as aggressor or victim. This view which in actual practise favors France and Britain, was put forward by Bernard Baruch, who said in its support:

> It treats all nations alike. Each has an opportunity to get what it needs from us provided it takes title at the port of shipment, and provided further that the shipment is not made in American craft. Of course, it is obvious that this will largely limit sales of supplies to those able to pay for them and able to move them. . . . I venture to believe that this country or this hemisphere can escape involvement in a European conflict, and we can do this without burying our head in the sand. We can still raise our voice against faithlessness and brutality.

But how to keep out of this war is a matter of considerable dispute. The *Christian Science Monitor* says editorially:

> The United States can find no surer defense against war than the prevention of war. Today prevention of it unfortunately seems to be narrowing down to a policy of amassing overwhelming weight on the side of those nations which, even for the most practical reasons of self-interest, will refrain from breaking the peace. This need not mean a refusal to discuss and adjust real grievances. It must mean a determination to preserve order so that such discussion and adjustment can take place. The alternative threatens to be disorder, strife, mass slaughter—out of which can come no better settlement than that so-called peace born of World War hates and fears. A clear indication by the United States of where it must stand if war is forced on nations now working to supplant the war method with negotiations is much needed. It is as important to peace as a clear understanding of Britain's position by Germany in 1914 might have been. And if it is important to the peace of the world, it is equally important to that of the United States.

Directly opposed to this last view is an article in the *American Mercury* by Charles A. Beard, entitled "We're Blundering into War," which says in conclusion:

> To entangle ourselves in the mazes and passions of European conflicts and tie our hands to British and French manipulators on the remote contingency of a German and Italian domination in the Atlantic seems to me to embrace immediate calamities when the possibility of security and peace in this hemisphere is clearly open to us. If this be immorality, the foreigners now boarding here and the home-grown missionaries can make the most of it.

A somewhat similar view is expressed by the Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., in his column *Sursum Corda,* What's Right with the World, which is syndicated to the diocesan papers here in the United States. After pointing out a number of the evils and prospects in Central Europe, he says:

> It is not up to us to straighten out the terrible tangle of political and racial conflicts in Europe. We have no mandate to fix up the world. Besides, if we start to fix things up, where shall we stop? If we are to run to the aid of all victimized peoples, how far shall we run? The Jews in Palestine think themselves victims of vacillating British policy. Shall we rescue the Jews from British injustice? The Arabs in Palestine and Syria complain that they have been double-crossed by England and France. Shall we see to it that justice is done to the Arabs? Shall we compel England and France to keep their promises? Then there's India. . . . If we are to drive Hitler out of Prague, shall we drive the English Viceroy out of Delhi? And Mussolini out of Ethiopia. . . . I don't want to see my country plunge into a whirlpool of blood, especially since it is none of our business. Fellow citizens, Stay Out.

And if we are to stay out one thing is sure: that commerce with belligerents in armaments or raw materials must be avoided without exception!

Farms This Spring

SURVEYS from Washington do not indicate much of a change in the farmer's prospects during the coming season. According to the *Agricultural Situation,* published by the Department of Agricture:

> A new crop season is under way and farm employment has begun to rise seasonally in the South. Prospects are that acreages for most crops the country over will be held to about 1938 figures, but the basis has been laid for expansion in the livestock industries. . . . Farmers began the new year with slightly higher cash income than in January, 1938—total $627,000,000 from marketings plus government payments. . . . Income from major crops may decline more than seasonally in next few months, increases are expected from fruits, vegetables and livestock products.

The farm picture is none too bright. According to *Newsweek:*

> In 1910 farmers comprised 35 percent of the population of the United States and earned 17 percent of the national income. Today they account for only 25 percent of the population; in 1938 they got only 8 percent of the nation's income [that is, cash income]. . . . The export market, which began to shrink two decades ago when the boom war market collapsed, has shrunk still further in recent years. Armament races have left less money to buy foodstuffs, Europe's drive for self-sufficiency has reduced demand, countries which do not require cash for their products have cut into America's traditional business and new production areas have been exploited. . . . Meanwhile, the domestic market has shrunk because of a leveling off of population, a dietary shift away from cereals and protracted industrial unemployment [not to mention one result of agricultural mechanization, shrinking demand for fodder for horses and mules].

The remedy, too, is still government appropriations. A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* says:

> Eleven cotton state Senators, meeting today to discuss plans for handling the cotton surplus, agreed on a program which would raise the cost of Federal aid to agriculture next year to more than $1,300,000,000. Four Midwestern Sentors who were present at the meeting added a qualified approval. . . . $1,088,000,000 will be in outright subsidies, or about $300,000,000 more than ever before.

According to the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> The maneuverings for the various kinds of subsidy which have come to be called with some fairness "the farmer's tariff" begin to take on the aspects of logrolling which ultimately discredited congressional tariff-making when controlled by the wool, steel, glass, sugar, shoe and other industrial lobbies. . . . But the resisting of the farm bloc's demand for "parity" would not make America a better place to live in if it resulted in going back to the old inequality between industry and agriculture. . . . There must be a willingness to tackle the . . . problems of bringing down the tariff-protected or monopoly-boosted prices on goods that constitute the farmer's living.

The *New Republic* contributes a grim summary of the situation:

> The farmers are poor because they grow too much; the city people are too poor to buy all that the farmers grow; Congress votes to compensate the poor farmers at the

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expense of the city people, while for the sake of economy it cuts relief and plans to starve hundreds of thousands who already haven't enough money to buy what the farmers grow. And meanwhile we plan to defend democracy by battleships and airplanes.

And *Time* in its hard-boiled manner described the cotton situation, which is the most desperate of all:

> To a philosopher from the moon, most fantastic sight in the U. S. last week would have been that of thousands of cultivators black and white trudging patiently out into the fields to plant another cotton crop. For if there was anything the U. S. apparently did not need, that thing was more cotton. Hanging over the market was an enormous carryover of 13,000,000 bales, twice as much as the U. S. would use in a busy year. . . . The U. S. taxpayer . . . is paying $123,000 a day to keep it in out of the rain. . . . The President of the U. S. told White House correspondents that he could think of only three ways to get rid of the nation's cotton mountain. He could burn it in a huge bonfire. He could float it into the Gulf of Mexico and sink it. . . . For a third revolutionary method, Franklin Roosevelt proposed to build a "spillway" into the world market, in which the U. S. "fair share" of cotton trade would be 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 bales . . . 1939 share . . . about 3,500,000 bales.

The *Nation* analyzes legislative attempts at a solution:

> In essence our legislation has been directed toward cutting down cotton acreage in return for subsidies and toward price-pegging measures. . . . Planters have naturally concentrated on their best soil and intensified production. Moreover, subsidies kept in production marginal land which from the viewpoint of national efficiency might better have been abandoned.

The *Farmer* of St. Paul, Minn., describes the wheat situation with its large carryovers:

> Improving prospects for domestic winter wheat, weakness at Liverpool where recent arrivals have been heavy, the large unsold surplus in Argentina and the constant burden of excessive world stocks have been against any improvement in prices. April frequently brings some strength. . . . Greater curtailment in the world crop than is now in prospect will be necessary to make the total world supply for 1939-1940 less than in the present season.

The plans for planting 92,000,000 acres in corn are a reduction of 4,000,000 acres from 1938. Lard is an important factor in the problem. Says *Business Week:*

> Almost nobody outside the farms and stockyards suspects that a hog yields about as many pounds of lard as it does of ham, and few realize that these two commodities constitute the major value in the animal. . . . Last week . . . a Kansas City factory bought two tank cars of fine, edible loose lard to make into soap . . . at 5⅜c per lb., lowest since hogs were bringing 3c in '32 and '33. . . . When lard prices scrape bottom, the Middle West corn-hog economy is distinctly out of balance.

It is a mistake, of course, to think of American farming only in terms of a few principal crops. The *Agricultural Situation* cites increased peanut production, continues:

> Soybeans are rapidly increasing in importance as a contributor to farm income and in 1938 yielded a cash income of $31,933,000. This compared with $28,030,000 in 1937. . . . The cash income from clover seed (red and alsike) totaled $15,664,000 in 1938 compared with $9,862,000 in 1937. Lespedeza seed yielded $5,363,000 of cash income in 1938 compared with $4,757,000 in 1937. The producers of maple sugar and syrup had a cash income of $4,281,000 in 1938 compared with $3,808,000 in 1937, while the growers of sweet sorghum for forage received $2,760,000 compared with $2,112,000 in 1937.

The Stage & Screen

Passion in Yorkshire; War in Texas

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS" is the kind of picture that revives your faith in the art of the cinema. There have been so many expensive movies which turn out to be no more than lengthy examples of Hollywood slickness that one welcomes this Samuel Goldwyn production wherein intelligent spending of big money results in an outstanding film. You may not like Emily Brontë's tempestuous story of the Yorkshire moors in which hate piles upon hate and the heroine is a wild, uncontrollable creature torn between passion for her childhood companion, Heathcliff, the handsome, earthy, stable boy with dirty hands, and love for the gentleman, Linton, whose wealth can make her a lady. But whatever you think of the story, you will agree that this film with William Wyler's expert direction, Charles MacArthur's and Ben Hecht's masterly script, the carefully chosen cast and stunning sets with Goldwyn attention to details has caught the spirit of the craggy, heathery, wind-driven moors, the accumulated passion, spite and malevolence of the Brontë novel. Fortunately the script does not attempt to capture the entire book, but confines itself to the tale which Flora Robson, as Cathy's elderly servant, tells the tenant who seeks refuge at inhospitable Wuthering Heights. Merle Oberon does her best work as Cathy; and Laurence Olivier combines nineteenth century romanticism with the madness of a Brontë hero in his revengeful gipsy, Heathcliff.

Another film that shows thoughtful spending of a large budget is Republic Pictures' "Man of Conquest." Without the subtlety of "Wuthering Heights," but entirely in keeping with its own pioneering period and robust hero, Sam Houston, this film tells the story of man's struggle against tyranny and oppression under the leadership of such fighters as Houston, Andrew Jackson, Davey Crockett and Stephen Austin. Director George Nicholls, jr., instills in "Man of Conquest" a virile, hard-fisted quality, and Richard Dix makes Sam Houston the thick-skinned, courageous, tough backwoodsman and soldier that he was. Although the picture labors at times under over-doses of flag waving and speeches on democracy and freedom, it is not bowed down by a sugary love story. The mismatched marriage with Eliza Allen (Joan Fontaine) that ends with divorce and Houston's resignation as governor of Tennessee, and the later wooing of Margaret Lea (Gail Patrick) are the only romantic concessions that break up the historical Houston sequences showing him in the War of 1812, campaigning in Tennessee, living with the Cherokees in Arkansas, fighting for the freedom of Texas. After Santa Ana's attack on the Alamo, Houston with the famous cry, "Remember the Alamo," leads the victory against the Mexicans at San Jacinto in exciting old-time battle scenes. The best performance in the picture is that of Edward Ellis as Jackson, who becomes a convincingly human and real and hardened warrior-statesman. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Day

Mr. Dawson after Munich

Beyond Politics, by Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed and Ward. $1.50.

OCCUPIED chiefly with England, this little book argues that the existing question is how to achieve national unity of spirit and aim while preserving individual freedom and tolerance. Humanism and the new economic relations, historically examined, prove to have developed outside the orbits of both Church and State. In the end they produced a social life featured by multiple claims for absolute autonomy put forward simultaneously by Science, Business, Church and State. Under existing conditions the main action open to the Church is to conserve her inheritance while hoping for better days.

It is also argued that the difference between the democracies and the totalitarian nations is found in the latter's self conscious break with nineteenth-century liberalism. The democracies, too, have been detached from liberalism but they are reluctant to acknowledge the fact. This defunct liberalism, it is said, had been a transitional climate of value and opinion substituted for the traditional religious background of western culture which had been destroyed by the Reformation, the enlightenment, etc. Today totalitarianism implies a return to a unity of culture. Cultural unity in totalitarian states, however, is based on a secular ethos. Nevertheless it is believed by Mr. Dawson that Catholics who repudiate this type of unity may be making a profund mistake since, in the economy of Divine Providence, it may be that God wills the restoration of cultural unity of a spiritual quality by using this secular instrument to prepare the way.

Discussing the powers of press, radio and "cinema" the author at one place contrasts in the following terms their respective use by democracies and totalitarian states: ". . . the only difference is that the fascist and communist states attempt to direct this propaganda in accordance with their respective ideologies, whereas in the democracies it is a soulless force which is inspired purely by the motive of profit." Mr. Dawson also seems to agree with de Tocqueville that "the power of mass opinion exercises a more universal and irresistible tyranny over the individual mind in a democratic society than the most authoritarian of dictatorships."

Many of these interesting ideas do not carry conviction to an American reader. The conception of dictatorship as precursor of something better than present democracies is at once fantastic and repellent.

The "soulless profit" motives inspiring the means of communications in democratic societies shocks the American reader not at all. When a thing including the dissemination of ideas is done for profit the doer or seller tries to flatter, satisfy or adjust himself to the buyer of his ware. When a thing is done in accordance with the requirements of an ideology the buyers' judgments, in principle, are unimportant.

To state that "mass opinion" is a tyrant more evil than the most authoritarian of dictatorships is to say what is totally unproved and unproveable. As I read history the statement is wholly invalid if "mass opinion" means the consensus of the majority.

Has the Munich "agreement" and its aftermath affected Mr. Dawson?

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

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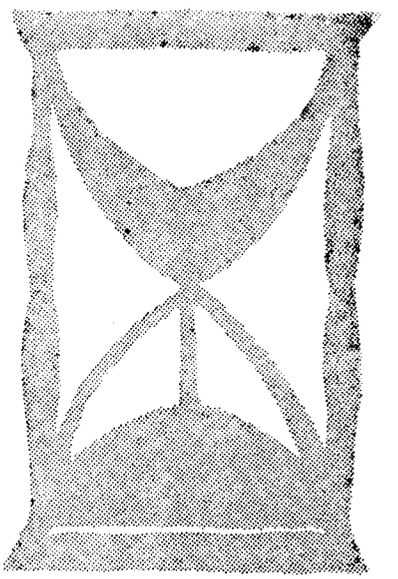

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FICTION

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard; translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

WHO IS this du Gard who won the Nobel Prize for 1937? His first novel appeared in 1908; it was a sketch for "Les Thibaults." His third about the Dreyfus case won him recognition before the war. "Les Thibaults" was published from 1922-1929.

Du Gard is a realist but gives the impression of having a sounder philosophical background than either Hemingway or Lewissohn. Du Gard's style is simple and fluent; the results of his psychological microscope are illustrated in action, and though it has taken him twenty years to accomplish the creation of "The Thibaults," it can be read quickly. A chronicle of contemporary French bourgeoisie, it concentrates attention on two families: M. Thibault, a Catholic widower, his two sons and daughter; the Protestant Mme. de Fontanin, her erring husband and children. M. Thibault is a famous philanthropist; a big man with a paunch, flabby cheeks and a frock coat. "Charity" is the disguise of his vanity. When charges are made at school against his younger son, Jacques, Thibault promptly believes the worst. Only Mme. de Fontanin preserves her faith in both Jacques and her own boy. The first two books are a study of adolescence with Jacques. The next two are dedicated to young Dr. Antoine Thibault; his medical career and his unhappy affair with Rachel whose secret ambition is to own a brothel when she is an old woman. Du Gard takes a long revenge on old Thibault in the final volumes. Dante never finished off any enemy in the Ninth Circle of the Inferno with more gusto. M. Thibault dies very slowly of uremia in nine chapters of mounting horror.

All Mme. de Fontanin's tender love has not kept her Daniel from the paganism into which Antoine and Jacques have also drifted but Antoine himself is surprised at the rigidity of his own professional ethics. His conscience battles with him against practising euthanasia in two agonizing instances. "The Thibaults" closes on a long argument between Antoine and an Abbé, when Antoine admits that although he can live prefectly well without God, he would like to give his dying patients an injection of belief as he dreads a death without hope as much as a death agony without morphine. The last sentence is spoken by the Abbé: "The Catholic religion, my friend, is very different from what you think; it means far, far more than you've been given to see of it up to now."

M. du Gard is said to be a Catholic and Antoine may be converted in the sequel, but let no one think that "The Thibaults" is a Catholic story. The fulsome details of fornication are its substance. The outstanding Catholic is the odious M. Thibault. The one charming figure Mme. de Fontanin forces upon us an intimacy with her unsavory husband. Yet one does not feel that M. du Gard writes of sin and disease because he enjoys them. His outlook on life is more compassionate than cynical and most of all that of an impersonal reporter. His characters are modeled with painstaking detail but we do wish that his young people were permitted an occasional healthy, cheerful instinct. The medical scenes are the most graphic, particularly the breathless description of an emergency operation upon a child. If this type of candid camera literature did not confine its reticence to all that is normal or noble, I would be better satisfied to see it gain the Nobel prize.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

The Middle Passage, by Roland Barker and William Doerflinger. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AMERICANS, at present busy casting stones at every other people, could profit (if they have any sense of shame left) from this book. For it is a story, so graphic that it almost lives, of the unspeakable crimes committed against a helpless people in order that our sainted forebears might have slaves.

A priceless lot of rascals, the characters!—Captain Viall, master of a slave ship, who read his Bible religiously and described himself as a Moses leading the blacks he tortured and murdered out of bondage; Blas Covado, the Spaniard, crossing himself blasphemously while the Negroes in whom he traded passed him yoked like oxen; Stephen Bishop, fugitive from a miscarriage of justice, turning adulterer and slaver and consoling himself that the blacks treated one another even worse than he treated them; Emilia, Covado's consort, a murderess and torturer; and the rest.

The brutality is not overdone: that is impossible. But the sordid story is there: the blacks packed in the hold like fish in a salmon-boat; the stench, the disease, the terror, the tortures, the slaughter of the unfit. As the authors themselves express it: "All one trade, one dark movement . . . the one most terrible day of the earth, when horrid things exist . . . and lives bleed out with screams and evening can never shut away the sight."

A putrid mess, it was; and a mere reading of it makes one more hopeful for our own world of today: bad as it is, it does not cry to heaven for vengeance as loudly as the world of that day must have. One wonders whether our Civil War was sufficient expiation; whether America may not yet owe additional tribute to Justice.

But this volume is not complete in itself. For the whole story, the divine as well as the diabolical part of it, one ought to accompany its reading with a rereading of Arnold Lunn's "Saint in the Slave Trade."

JOSEPH A. BREIG.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Some Makers of English Law, by Sir Williams Holdsworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75. *The Formative Era of American Law, by Roscoe Pound. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.* $2.00.

KNOWLEDGE of legal history is indeed indispensable for progressive and enduring reforms in social life. Of themselves abstract concepts of freedom, justice and equality can never give rise to the palingenesis of a social order conforming to the cultural, religious, moral and economic exigencies of a people. Yes, the imperative necessity of collaboration between tradition and ideal cannot be unduly stressed. New social arrangements lacking an intimate and organic relation to history do have a tendency to bear melancholy and bitter consequences. They either turn out to be of the paper variety, so artificial and ineffective as not to survive their sponsors, or worse still become assaults upon the historic liberties of the citizen. If he is to share and make his own the cultural heritage of his people, it is of tremendous moment that the citizen know the broad outlines, at least, of his country's legal institutions.

In "Some Makers of English Law" Sir William Holdsworth delineates brilliant portraits of jurists and writers who made significant contributions to English law. Its

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chapters, originally delivered as lectures, were so excellently designed as to give not only the story of the common law but a splendid survey of the intellectual, moral and social history of England.

It is pleasant to see the author recall the invaluable assistance rendered by the Church in the development of the early common law. To paraphrase Maitland, it was her priests, bishops and cardinals who converted common law from a rude mass of customs into an articulate system and it was when they, yielding to the Pope's commands, no longer sat as principal justices of the king's court, that the creative age of medieval law ended. The early maturity of criminal law, equity and the law of wills is inexplicable, unless one takes into account the influence of these learned churchmen who assimilated canon and civil law to the body of the English common law.

The figures of Glanvil, Bracton, Littleton, St. Germain, Saint Thomas More, Coke, Mansfield, Blackstone, Bentham and Maitland are to be seen among the giants brought together in this volume. "Some Makers of English Law" is a book unmistakably steeped in the obstinate and virile spirit of the common law and enriched with wise, vivid and full-bodied language.

With a most invigorating freshness and encyclopedic yet lightly borne erudition Mr. Roscoe Pound reflects upon the influences that fashioned American law during its formative period, from independence to the Civil War. He discusses the rôle played by natural law theories, legislation, judicial decision and doctrinal writings in the construction of our nation's jurisprudence.

It is interesting to note that the legislature which in the early nineteenth century was the object of an extravagant devotion fell so miserably in the estimation of the people that by the close of the same century it was held up as an object of ridicule and contempt. Why was it that American assemblies which in the beginning of our national life assumed the hegemony over the other departments and, in some instances, pretended to the omnipotence of Parliament, why was it that they suffered a decline that was to accelerate the rise of the executive and judiciary?

The nineteenth century was not especially creative, but given over to the ridding of institutions and precepts considered obsolete and the codification of the retained law. Religion was banished from public and every-day life and social customs were wiped out because in hindering the exploitation of man and the emergence of established disorder, they made impossible the flowering of capitalism. Our legislative halls lacked men of the caliber of Edward Livingston and David Dudley Field who understood the possibilities and limitations of the legislative process. Harried and inexperienced committees prepared bills for legislators that were too busy to read the bills they voted upon. Consequently we see laws placed in the statute books that were meaningless and impossible to enforce. Many bills were carelessly drawn on the theory apparently that the courts would fill in the gaps and remedy other defects.

Coupled with the traditional antipathy of Courts dominated by the common-law tradition for legislation, this state of affairs did not make for harmony with and sympathy for the legislature. Too many representatives obviously acted with an eye to vote-catching rather than for the commonweal, and the disclosure of grave and shocking scandals in the assemblies destroyed the confidence people entertained for the legislature.

JOSEPH CALDERON.

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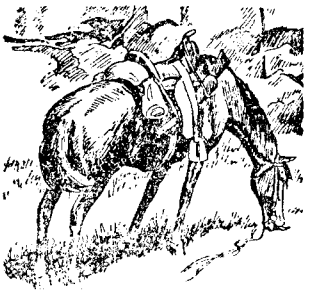

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Holmes of the Breakfast-Table, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

PROBABLY few persons today still read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." The creator of the "Breakfast-table" series, in spite of his canny wisdom, his Shandian humor, his witty talk and his understanding, no longer, alas, tickles the fancy or moves the hearts of the present generation. How could it be otherwise—though the fact calls up a mild regret—since what is new throngs in with such compulsion on what is old? But the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes has become an American landmark, though some confusion exists in the popular mind concerning the identity of its bearer—was he a doctor or a judge? So the fitting time has come for this excellent biography of Dr. Holmes, the famous father of a famous Justice.

Dr. Holmes, born in 1809, was a member of that golden generation which began with the century. Emerson was six years his senior, Hawthorne older by five years, Whittier and Longfellow by two. He outlived these and other intimate friends, ending his days in 1894. His was not an eventful life in the usual sense of the term, but when it came to a close, his varied accomplishments matched the fulness of his years.

Today, when one thinks of him, it is generally as an author. Yet he was for thirty-five years a distinguished member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School—acting for a time as its dean—and before the days of Pasteur and the germ theory he wrote a paper on the causes of puerperal fever, the malignant disease often carried by doctors from one woman in childbed to another, so discerning that years later Sir William Osler asked him whether it, or the poem "The Chambered Nautilus," had given him the greatest joy in the creating.

Mr. Howe's record of all these things is informative, interesting and complete, though given in the compass of a book less than two hundred pages long—an excellent size for the purpose. Here is the story of Dr. Holmes as physician, as maker of a large quantity of light verse and a few serious poems, as lecturer, as the greatest conversationalist of the Saturday Club, and as the writer of a style of prose which reflected his witty, cultured talk. The book is not biography alone. Skilfully woven into the narrative is a thread of critical discussion which should be of real service in defining the ultimate place of Dr. Holmes in literature. And the author's judicious use of quotation—snatches of verse, a few provocative sentences of prose, some heretofore unpublished letters—may well tempt readers to seek out the Doctor's writings themselves, and what's more, to enjoy them thoroughly.

TOWNSEND SCUDDER.

MEDICINE

You Can't Eat That, by Helen Morgan, with a Foreword by Walter C. Alvarez, M.D., of the Mayo Clinic. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IF YOU can't eat alligator and if pollywogs give you pain, here's your formula. Here is all about allergy, ladies and gentlemen; what it is, what to do for it; how to inherit it from father and how to inherit it twice as successfully from father and mother; "a manual and recipe book for those who suffer whether acutely or mildly (and perhaps unconsciously) from food allergy."

Miss Morgan has shown uncanny skill in relating the habits of allergy and how to overcome it, all in words of

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scarcely more than two syllables. Upon this follow almost two hundred pages of recipes which she has gathered from the four winds. The banana steak, the wiener schnitzel, the shish kebab and the bo lo gut parade before us in proud array. Scrapple, polenta, goulash and the hot tamale are here to swell our pride in the feats of the impaired digestion of the diseased Yankee. Then at the end, "What's in It," three lists that give the "low down" on canned goods; here they all are, from Armour and Aunt Jemima to Zu Zu ginger snaps.

An excellent book, in which one might especially commend Miss Morgan for the lucid way in which she has explained the phenomena of sensitization, though one may question how many persons will be able to unravel this tangle that mystifies the physician himself. A perfectly safe parlor game, though. "First you stop eating for two days, then—"

EDWARD L. KEYES.

MEMOIRS

The Autobiography of a German Rebel, by Toni Sender. New York: The Vanguard Press. $3.00.

TONI SENDER was never a very conventional person. Her autobiography is, however, so meek and demure in the reading that one has difficulty transposing the "rebel" into the stirring times through which she has really lived. The year 1914 found Jean Juarès, French Socialist of gifts no Marxist since his time has displayed, trying desperately to fend off war; and at his side a young German girl, settled in Paris to escape from her conservative Frankfort background, did what she could to bring out peace. All efforts failed, and eventually she got back safely to her native land. Yet it was not to help win the great conflict, but to work for its cessation by spreading propaganda against the German militarist party. The work was dangerous and for a time produced very meager results. Eventually, however, it led to the formation of the Independent Socialist party, and it is with the fortunes of this that the book is primarily concerned.

The purposes of the Independent Socialists were, in the main, two. They were ardent pacifists, and desired above all the relegation of the military caste to a minor part in the German civic drama. Then they were also Socialists, who thought that at the close of the war it would be possible to put through by popular acclamation a number of sweeping reforms in economic and social life. But unfortunately they remained to the end a compound of intellectual reformers and workers who found the regular Socialist political organization too weak and the Communist left wing too violent and foreign. As is usual in such cases, they were finally overwhelmed, but had the satisfaction of supplying in later stages a good deal of the leadership upon which the Socialist fortunes in the Reichstag depended. Whether they hampered or aided the cause of German labor is a moot question, on which the book throws little light.

Frau Sender was unquestionably one of the most interesting women in the Reichstag. Her heart, at least, was usually in the right place. She tells many an interesting anecdote, explains some situations of historical significance, and adds to our supply of nostalgia for the world that preceded Adolf Hitler. But her book lacks real verve and point. There are dozens of snapshots, but no photographs. There are bags of meal, but no bread. It is at best another contribution to the long array of memoirs which can alone make possible a history of that extraordinary experiment, the Weimar Republic.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Inner Forum

THE APRIL issue of *Blackfriars* makes clear why the Pope is in the usual course of events an Italian; Pope Pius XII, for instance, is a native of Rome itself. Only since the middle of the nineteenth century has Italy been a united nation, so that Eugenio Pacelli's immediate predecessors before 1870 came from independent States in various parts of the peninsula.

The Bishop of Rome would naturally be expected to be an Italian, according to Henri Davenson in *Esprit,* for "the Pope is an Italian Bishop, whose Bishopric has attached to it the privilege of governing the world." With few exceptions in the long line of the 261 successors to Saint Peter, the Supreme Pontiff has been from the Italian peninsula unless a foreign power imposed its will or the internal situation of Italy prevented a choice of a worthy Italian Pope or interfered with the free exercise of his power once he was elected.

During the period of Byzantine preponderance (685-752) nine of the ten Popes were either Greek or Syrian Orientals. From 996-1003 and 1046-1057, German emperors imposed the choice of Germanic Popes. The selection of seven French Popes (1306-1378) took place during the Babylonian captivity of the papacy at Avignon.

Only from 1057 to 1159, from the Lothringian Stephen X to the Englishman, Adrian IV, were a number of non-Italian Popes freely chosen by the Church. The first recruiting of Cardinals from outside of Italy had been begun by Leo IX (1049-1054) "for the excellent reason that it had no longer become possible to find good Cardinals, who were not simoniacal in Rome itself."

M. Davenson recalls that "since the Reformation the Italian people is the only one to have remained a Christian and Catholic people." Catholics are in the minority today in nearly every other land. Hence it is specially fitting that Italians should have so large a part in the governance of the Church. He believes that as long as the Fascists, and their successors in coming decades, refrain from seeking to impose an unworthy Pope on the Church the conclave will continue to elect an Italian as Christ's Vicar.

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